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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL,

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JUNE CLASS

1. Whitworth Cotten. 2. Elizabeth Willis. 3. Leroy Tench. 4. Elise Brown. 5. Marie Bowman. 6. Pet Butler. 7. William W. Farinholt. 8. Barbara Willcox. 9. Sidney Smith. 10. Martha Williams. 11. Ruth Haddon. 12. Sherwood Churn. 13. Archie B. Fowlkes. 14. Susie Elmore. 15. Kitty Watkins. 16. Cherry Burgess. 17. Jack Goodman. 18. Janie E. Ruffin. 19. Ethel Mize. 20. Anne Deffenbaugh. 21. Martha Lanier. 22. Thelma Simonson. 23. Arthur Dance. 24. Dorothy Farridge. 25. Wilbur S. Dishman. 26. V. Griffin. 27. William Hawkins. 28. Lucy Pilcher. 29. Bradley Stafford. 30. Sadie Usher. 31. Billy Irvine. 32. Charles R. Barksdale. 33. Grace Nunnally. 34. Alice Severs. 35. Rosa Townes. 36. Elliott Jones. 37. Powell Lum. 38. Mary Bradsher. 39. W. Preston Hoy, Jr. 40. Mae McIvor.



FEBRUARY CLASS

1. Virginia Gilliam. 2. Wilbur Andrews. 3. Eulice Franklin. 4. Ben Smith. 5. Robert Harwell. 6. Elizabeth Lanier. 7. Helen Rahily. 8. Lena Lavenstein. 9. Margaret Cousins. 10. Minnie Crafton. 11. Andrew Shapiro. 12. Mary Allgood. 13. Anthony Fisher. 14. Lester Bowman. 15. Doris Steere. 16. Lucy Boswell. 17. Linda William Malone. 18. Frances C. Dodd. 19. Mary Mann. 20. Mary Frances Hatchett. 21. Mary F. Collier. 22. Selma Pollock Lavenstein. 23. Thomas Harding. 24. Elizabeth Falconer. 25. Hatcher Nunnally. 26. Harriet Pope. 27. Francis Toms. 28. Florence E. Harrison. 29. Iris Stone.



THE ROULETTE

P.H.S.

1926

AM



MR. HOWARD FREAS

TO
Mr. Howard Greas
THIS BOOK IS FONDLY
DEDICATED
BY THE
Senior Class of 1926

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO YOU, BUT
WE'LL EVER REMAIN DEBTORS TO
YOU FOR YOUR GENUINE ENTHUSIASM AND
SINCERE EFFORTS IN HELPING US TO AC-
COMPLISH OUR AIMS.

"Aulaedus sit qui citharaedus esse non potuit"



ROULETTE STAFF



Roulette Staff



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Mary Evelyn Robertson

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Arthur Dance	Wilbur Andrews
Archie Fowlkes	Virginia Gilliam
Elise Brown	Mary F. Collier
Janie Ruffin	Francis Toms

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Dena Lee Stith	Jack Goodman

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Lester Bowman

ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGERS

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Anne Deffenbaugh	Charles Ridenour
Carter Myers	Mary Bradsher

BUSINESS MANAGER

Hatcher Nunnally

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Charles Ridenour	Andrew Shapiro
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Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.



Foreword

F this, the fourth edition of the "ROULETTE," brings back memories of your school life and the things that in the future you will highly treasure; if it makes you respect and love your Alma Mater more, then we have successfully attained our aim.

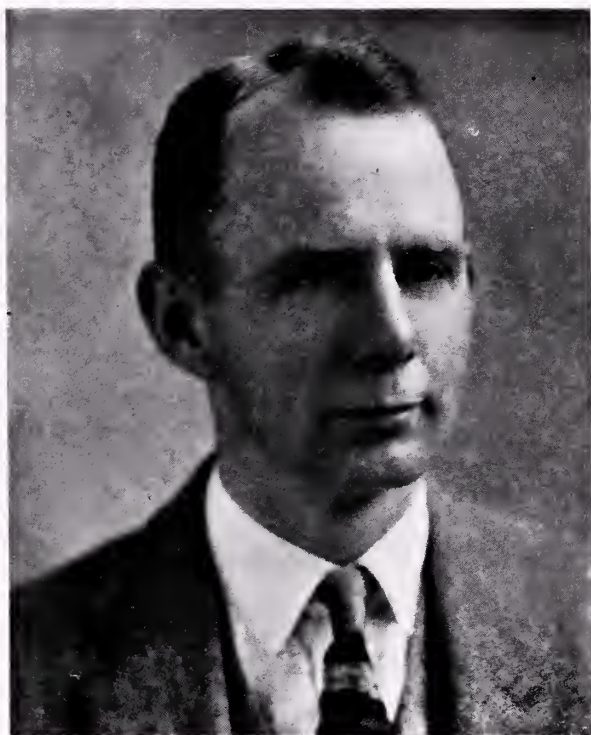
M. E. R.



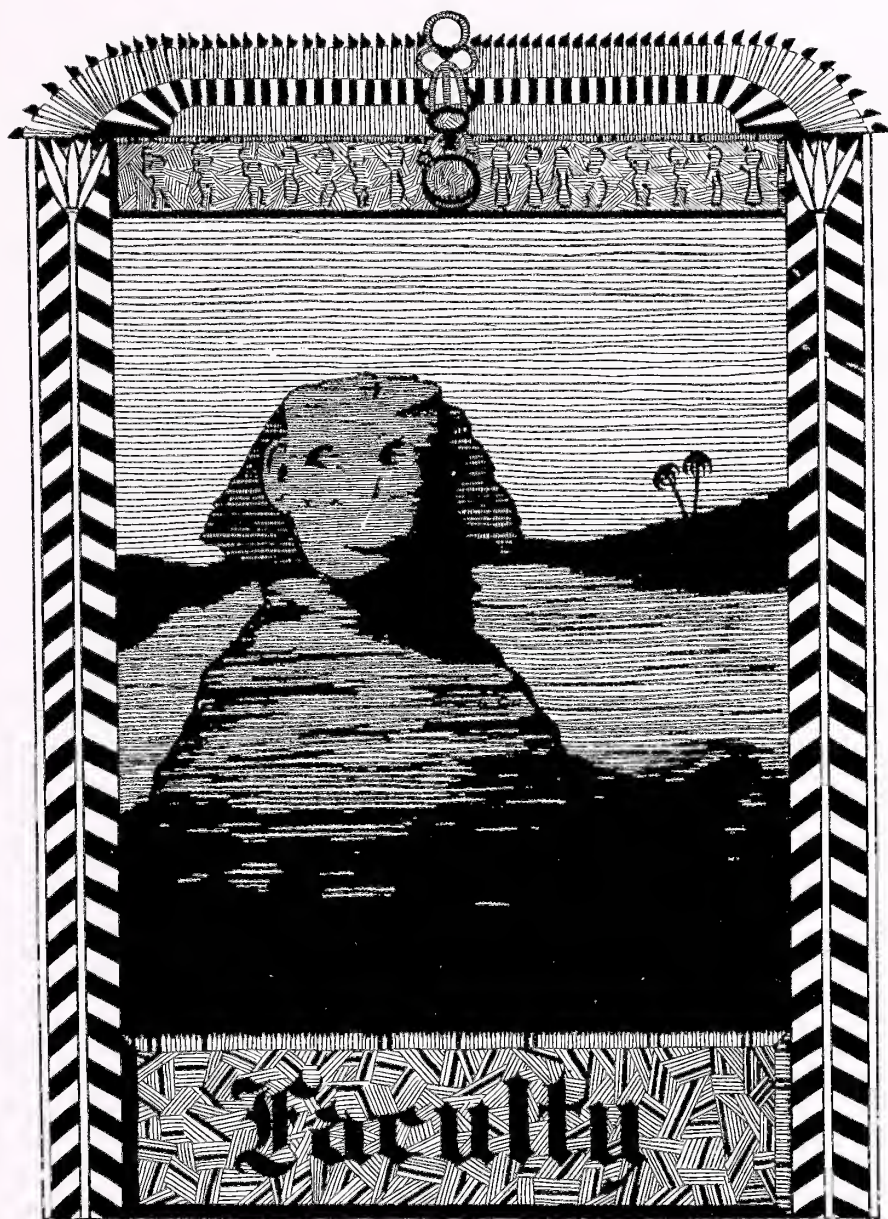
MR. H. G. ELLIS, *Superintendent of Schools*



MR. H. D. WOLFE, *Principal*



MR. JAMES G. SCOTT, *Assistant Principal*



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SENIORS





SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



Senior Class



Class Flower—Flag

Class Colors—Purple and Gold

Class Motto—"Not on the Heights, But Climbing."

February Class

Mary Frances Hatchett	President
Robert Harwell	Vice-President
Lester Bowman	Secretary and Treasurer
Thomas Harding	Historian
Mary F. Collier	Statistician
Virginia Gilliam	Prophet

June Class

William Hawkins	President
Alice Severs	Vice-President
Mary Robertson	Secretary and Treasurer
William Hawkins	Historian
Whitworth Cotten	Statistician
Elise Brown	Prophet

—o—

Powell Lum	Class Poet
Ben Smith	Will Writer
Rosa Townes	Song Writer



HENRY G. ELLIS, JR., *Class Mascot*

FEBRUARY CLASS



MARY BROWN ALLGOOD

"BROWNIE"

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."*

Athletic Association; Daniel Society; Freshman Club; Sophomore Club; Raven Society; History Club; Spanish Club; Civics Club.

Mary Brown will be frank with you, and that's what we want. When we ask anybody's opinion, we want the truth. She is sincere about her duties and can be depended upon. Mary Brown can play basketball besides being a good practical sort of girl.



WILBUR LEE ANDREWS

"ANDY"

"The path of duty was his way to glory."

History Club; Civics Club; Monogram Club; Basketball Team (2 years); Baseball Squad; Manager, Boys' Basketball Team; Annual Staff; Athletic Association.

Wilbur is always ready to do his part. Of course, we all have our own faults. Wilbur's is that he does love to talk rather than study sometimes.



JOSEPH CLAIRBORNE BEST

"JOE"

*"A friend in need
Is a friend indeed."*

Junior Hi-Y; Monogram Club; Basketball Team (2 years); Captain, Basketball Team (1 year); Athletic Association.

Joe is not only a great asset to the basketball team, but to the whole class. He is never too rowdy or loud, but is a rare good fellow in every way.

LUCY MAE BOSWELL

"BOSSY"

"Her heart is as true as steel."

Freshman Club; Sophomore Club; Raven Society, (Secretary and Treasurer); High School Orchestra; Missile Reporter (3 years); Public Speaking Society; History Club; Civics Club; Secretary, Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Banjo-uke Club; Spanish Club.

Whenever you hear Lucy say that she is going to do a thing, you may know that she means what she says. She is one of that "common sense" kind, and one is lucky to have her for a friend. She will make some boy a good wife. Here's good luck to Lucy.



LESTER INGLIS BOWMAN

"LORD DROOPY"

"He has wit at will that, when angry, can sit him still."

President, Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y; two years Cheer Leader; Secretary and Treasurer, Public Speaking Society; Assistant Business Manager, Missile; Circulation Manager, ROULETTE; Student Council; Spanish Club; History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association.

You can never have those "rainy day blues" when Lester's around. He has plenty of "pep" and can say things that would make anybody laugh. We wish that Lester could interview Buster Keaton, because we know that it wouldn't be long before Buster would break his record of never having laughed.



MARY FISHER COLLIER

"FISHER"

*"My mind to me a kingdom is—
Such perfect joy therein I find."*

Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus; President, Banjo-uke Club; History Club; Associate Editor, Missile; Associate Editor, ROULETTE; Class Statistician.

It is impossible to describe Mary Fisher in fifty words; or a hundred for that matter. Witty, merry, original, and a dandy good sport; without her the class would not be complete. There is nobody in the class who does not like her, and we know she'll go on making friends after she finishes school.





MARGARET WEST COUSINS

"PIGGIE"

*"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song;
No winter in thy year."*

Athletic Association; History Club; Banjo-uke Club.

Margaret is always in a good humor, especially when she is helping "Belinda" find their latest sheik. She is the friend of the whole class. You can always depend on her to help you when you have bitten off a bigger bite than you can chew. In fact, Margaret is just the kind of a friend that everybody desires.



MINNIE VIRGINIA CRAFTON

"O MIN"

*"What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while."*

Page Society; Athletic Association; Orchestra; Spanish Club; Missile Reporter; Girls' Chorus.

Oh, for a lot of girls like Minnie! She has a vivacious personality that few can resist. One of her most famous hobbies is talking about Nathan, although it's Mr. Miller occasionally. Minnie is never behind in anything; always up-to-date. She will be gone, but not forgotten.



FRANCES CLAY DODD

"FRANK"

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on too."*

Raven Society; Civics Club; History Club; Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus; Daniel Society.

Oh Frenchy! Frances reads French like a streak of lightning, and it is all that we can do to keep up with her. She is not only a good French scholar but a good sport. We are seriously afraid that she is a dreamer! May her dreams come true!

ANNE GOODWYN DOUTHAT

"SENORITA"

*"To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in,
And to lend a hand."*

History Club; Civics Club; President, Music Club; Girls' Chorus; Double Quartette; Athletic Association; Page Society; Raven Society.

Whenever an accomplished pianist is needed, Anne is always called to the front. We all admit that Anne can play, and she is always ready to help out. We wish her good luck and may she "shine" in the musical world!



THEODORE OLIVER DOWNING

"MOUSIE"

"Patience is his remedy for every sorrow."

History Club; Athletic Association; Football Scrub; Orchestra; Band.

"Mousie" has created for himself a place in the hearts of his fellow students. His quiet unassuming disposition has almost become a proverb among his associates. You never realize his true worth until deprived of his companionship. Everyone is well acquainted with "Mousie's" good-natured temperament.



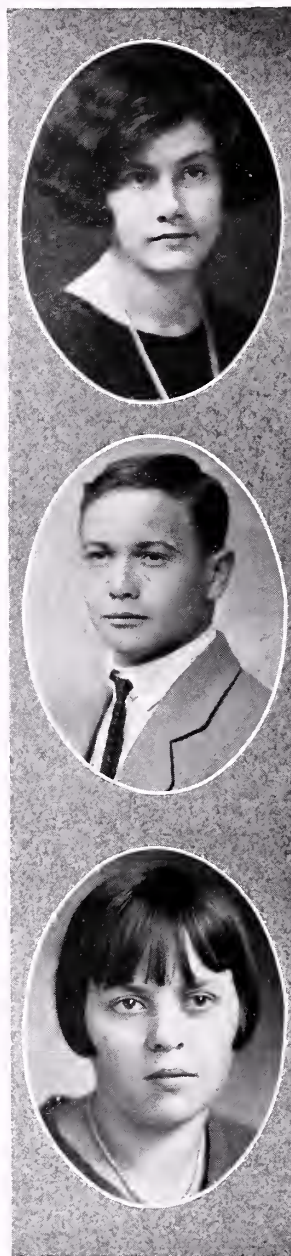
ELIZABETH PERKINS FALCONER

"LIZ"

*"'Tis said to keep from idleness
Or flirting, those twin curses,
She spent her leisure, more or less,
In writing po—no, verses."*

Civics Club; History Club; Athletic Association; Daniel Society; Public Speaking Society; Spanish Club.

We wish that Mr. Miller could see some of "Liz-zie's" poetry that she doesn't "hand in." Here's where she shines. Ask her and she will show you some. We shouldn't be surprised to hear that some day she has become famous writing lively poems for "Life."





ANTHONY ROSENSTOCK FISCHER

"SNAKY"

*"Without him as a friend, no one
would choose to live."*

Daniel Society; Football Team (3 years); Basketball Team (2 years); Hi-Y; Monogram Club; Public Speaking Society.

We all like "Snaky." It's such an easy thing to do because he is such a good sport and so good-natured. He plays football well and basketball also; and his voice is often heard in the physics laboratory. There can't be much gloom around when "Snaky" is there. Keep it up, you're on the right track, "Snaky."



NATHANIEL EULICE FRANKLIN

"BENJAMIN"

"An experienced, industrious, ambitious boy."

Spanish Club; Winner Typewriting Certificate; Orchestra; Athletic Association.

It is hard to think of this class without Eulice. He is always ready to help others, and with his perseverance he sets an example for others. With his quiet ways, he is like a familiar setting; the place he holds in one's heart is not fully known until he is gone.



VIRGINIA RUFFIN GILLIAM

"DUMBBELL"

*"So well to know."
Her own that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."*

Missile Reporter; Treasurer Freshman Club; Sophomore Club; Raven Society; Civics Club; History Club; Page Society; Editor *Missile*; Girls' Basketball Team; Associate Editor, ROULETTE; Associate Editor *Missile*; Vice-President, Student Council; Class Prophet.

If you know anything funny, just tell it to Virginia. She has a lively sense of humor and always sees the bright side of things. Virginia has shown us what a good editor she can be, and we expect much from her in the literary world. She is a democratic type and is a very clever girl.

THOMAS ARTHUR HARDING

"PHILOSOPHER"

"Deep sighted in intelligence, ideas, atoms and influence."

Raven Society; History Club; Civics Club; Daniel Society; Public Speaking Society; Spanish Club; Athletic Association; Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y; Class Historian; Manager Basketball Team, '25; Manager Football Team, '25; School Representative in National Oratorical Contest, '25.

Thomas has a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.



FLORENCE ESTELLE HARRISON

"FLO"

*"At first she loved naught else but flowers
And then she only loved the rose
And then herself alone; and then—
She knew not what; but now she knows."*

Athletic Association; Raven Society; Glee Club; Double Quartette; Spanish Club.

"Flo" is one of those sedate people who are always full of mischief, yet serious at the time when everyone else is "caught in the act." Bubbling over with enthusiasm, ever bent upon attracting the opposite sex—at present, it is one of those fellows of the "hardy" type.



ROBERT WHITNEY HARWELL

"BOB"

"He did well because he served the common good rather than his own will."

Athletic Association; Associate Editor, Missile; Chairman Photograph Committee, ROULETTE; Vice-Pres., Raven Society; Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y; Civics Club; History Club; Treasurer, Athletic Association; Vice-President, Senior Class.

Golden reports come as easily to Robert as transfers to a street-car conductor. He not only gets good reports, but he is a good worker and is always willing to do his part. We hope that he will have as much success hereafter as he has had in the cattle business.





MARY FRANCES HATCHETT

"PUNK"

'She is herself of best things the collection.'

History Club; Daniel Society; Captain, Basketball Team, ('25-'26); Manager, Basketball Team, ('24-'25); Vice-President Civics Club; Banjo-Uke Club; Y. W. C. A.; President, Senior Class; Secretary, Athletic Association.

Can she play basketball? She doesn't miss. We expect to hear some day that Mary Frances has become famous on the athletic field. Besides being a good basketball player, Mary Frances is a good all-round sport. She has plenty of courage and the kind of pluck that we admire in a girl.



ELIZABETH WINSTON LANIER

"BETSY"

"How far that little candle throws her beams."

Page Society; Raven Society; Athletic Association; Civics Club; History Club; Friendship Club; Girls' Chorus; Missile Reporter.

You might think that Lizzie is quiet, but you just ought to see her at a football game. She is a fine rooter and will yell when everybody else is bored.

Sportsmanship, Lizzie; keep up the good work!



LENA LAVENSTEIN

"BILLY DO"

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."

Raven Society; Athletic Association; Daniel Society; History Club; Public Speaking Society.

It is said that good things come in small packages, but there's always an exception to the rule; one of these exceptions we find in Lena. She's the kind of a girl that classmates ne'er forget. Her sweet disposition will be always engraven in our minds, and we wish her success after bidding P. H. S. farewell.

SELMA POLLACK LAVENSTEIN

"SEL"

"Is she not surpassing fair?"

Athletic Association; Daniel Society; History Club; Civics Club; Missile Reporter; Banjo-Uke Club; Girls' Chorus.

Yes, Selma has red hair, but we haven't discovered her temper yet. If there is a theory concerning red hair and temper, Selma has certainly exploded it. We all find her a good friend and a jolly good sport. What more could one expect in a girl?



LINDA WILLIAM MALONE

"BEAUFY"

Athletic Association; Freshman Club; Sophomore Club; Glee Club; Raven Society; History Club; Spanish Club; Missile Reporter; Junior Music Club;

"Belindy" is a great girl, full of laughter and fun. She can have the whole very sedate study hall of 315 laughing in a moment if it be her will. Linda can laugh at the right time, and she knows how to be serious when necessary, although it is hardly ever necessary with "Belindy."



MARY ELIZABETH MANN

"Boots"

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

Friendship Club; Page Society; Athletic Association; Latin Club.

Mary is surely a good old pal. She never refuses to help her classmates whenever she can, and we wonder what we should do if we should see her frown rather than smile. She will be missed when she leaves dear old P. H. S.





SAMUEL HATCHER NUNNALLY

"HAM SNATCHER"

"Not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought."

Athletic Association; Civics Club; Secretary, Daniel Society; History Club; Assistant Business Manager, Missile; Raven Society; Hi Y; Business Manager, Roulette; Assistant Manager, Boys' Basketball Team; Junior Chamber of Commerce; Spanish Club.

If Hatcher had a dollar for every A. A. ticket he has punched, we fear that he would be a millionaire. He'll tell you that it isn't any fun standing out in the rain punching tickets—but that's Hatcher. He's always on the job.



DOROTHY CATHERINE PARTRIDGE

"DOT"

"Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Daniel Literary Society.

Good old "Dot" is always on hand when help is needed. She is sensitive, but the world doesn't know it, and her fascinating personality is felt and admired. Here's luck to you, "Dot."



HARRIET FIELD POPE

"CRIP"

"I know everything except myself."

Girls' Chorus; Raven Society; President, History Club; Civics Club; Student Council; Roulette Staff; Associate Editor, Missile; Athletic Association.

Everyone who knows "Harry" admits that she is a smart girl. There is not a sentence in "Vergil" that Harriet can't read, nor a problem in "math" that she can't solve. She knows her "stuff", and the best part of it is that she shares it with others.

HELEN ROSALIE RAHILY

"KITTY"

"On her tongue is the law of kindness."

Page Society; Public Speaking Society; Athletic Association.

Helen is sincere in everything that she does. She has a winning way about her that would appeal to anybody. Helen always sees the other side of things, and in this way, through her gentle manner, has won many friends.



CHARLES CAMPBELL RIDENOUR

"CHARLIE"

"He always acted in such a way as to secure the love of his classmates."

Athletic Association; Secretary, Daniel Society; Civics Club; History Club; Missile Reporter; Business Manager, Missile; Assistant Business Manager, Roulette; Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y.

"Charlie" always lives in his own individual careful way, enjoying everything he meets. He is serious one minute and frivolous the next, thus making for himself a pleasing personality. No better friend than "Charlie" could be expected.



ANDREW SHAPIRO

"SHAP"

"His many acts of kindness and of love will always be remembered."

Civics Club; History Club; Hi-Y; Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Public Speaking Society; Roulette Staff.

Andrew, or in other words "Cæsar", is a cracker-jack Latin scholar. You just ought to hear him recite "Vergil." Andrew knows all about the "bald-headed row" in "Pop's" room. Maybe it is because he can't hear very well that he chooses this seat. Ask him why he always sits in the front desk.





BENJAMIN SMITH

"SOUP BONE"

"He tried the luxury of doing good."

Athletic Association; Civics Club; History Club; Monogram Club; Page Society; Hi-Y; Class Will Writer; Football Team (two years); Captain, Football Team, '25; Public Speaking Society; Vice-President, Junior Hi-Y.

"Soup Bone" is what they call a "ladies' man"; rather, he thinks he is. All in all, Ben's a jolly good sport, and if he has as much luck at catching parrots as he did forward passes, it won't be long before there will be a Mrs. Soup Bone.



SARA BELL SMITH

"PEABODY"

"I laugh at the world, and the world laughs with me."

Page Society; Civics Club; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; Glee Club; Banjo-Uke Club; Junior Music Club.

Sara Bell has just the cutest smile you ever saw. You just ought to see her blush in English class! Her blushes are very becoming and so are her smiles. Sara's greatest failing is giggling, but that's not such a bad fault after all.



VIRGINIA LEE SPAIN

"JINKS"

*"Or light or dark, or short or tall
She sets a spring to snare them all;
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Calaban."*

History Club; Glee Club; Page Society; Athletic Association; Latin Club; Vice-President, Banjo-Uke Club; H. S. Orchestra; Junior Music Club.

The Banjo-Uke Club would be badly off if it were not for "Ukelele Spain." She is just crammed full of syncopation. Besides her musical abilities, Virginia is studious and will make her goal.

DORIS BRUCE STEERE

"PUGGY"

"Guess, if you can, and choose if you dare."

Athletic Association; Daniel Society; Secretary and Treasurer, Raven Society; Vice-President, Freshman Club; Treasurer, Sophomore Club; History Club; Civics Club; Secretary, Junior Music Club ('24-'25).

Doris says that the latest bob is the "Harwell Bob." She is very sensible, regardless of her infatuations, and it is a common occurrence with her to get "goldens." Success and happiness to you, Doris!



IRIS CHRISTABELLE STONE

"JACK"

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Girls' Chorus; Civics Club; Athletic Association.

Iris is certainly accommodating. If you ever want any good advice, go to her and she will do her best to help you. Our class will truly miss her. We hope she will be as successful in life as she has been in school.



FRANCIS ROGERS TOMS

"TOMMY"

"He will always stand the test, for he thought most, felt the noblest, and acted the best."

Athletic Association; Art Staff, Roulette; Associate Editor, Roulette; History Club; Civics Club; Raven Society; Chairman, Civics Club Transportation Committee; Hi-Y.



JUNE CLASS



CHARLES READ BARKSDALE

"OOKIE"

*"Oh why
Should life all labor be?"*

Treasurer Page Society; Raven Society; Public Speaking Society; Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club; Hi-Y; Junior Hi-Y; Spanish Club.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat—and therefore let's be merry;" so says Charlie, Sue's Romeo.



MARY A. BARLOW

"BARLEY"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club; School Weekly News Staff.

Mary is not sitting on the school steps at 8:30 as usual, but we bet she's doing something else now just as faithfully and promptly.



JOHN BERYL BARRETT, JR.

"SMARTY"

"In his knowledge he can not be excelled."

Missile Reporter; Athletic Association.

Some silent people are more interesting than the best talkers, but John's grades speak for him. Have a look at a fellow who can average 97; and then look again.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADSHER

"MARIA"

*"She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet never loud."*

History Club; Sec'y, Civics Club; Raven Society; Vice-Pres., Spanish Club; School Weekly News; Athletic Association; Associate Editor, Missile; Assistant Circulation Mgr., Roulette; Missile Reporter.

Oh those mischievous eyes! they betray you, Mary. A desire to learn, but a greater desire to have some fun, that's Mary; and we love her for it. The good reports she shows Mama every month have readily won a place for Mary in our hearts.



MABEL MAE BROCKWELL

"BUCK"

*"She's been our friend
In sunshine and in shade."*

Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Page Society.

"Buck" is one of the most sincere girls we know. She is leaving P. H. S. but will always be remembered as a prominent figure in typewriting room. We wish her the best kind of happiness in the future.



ELISE CASHY BROWN

"Coo-Coo"

*"Full well we laughed with counterfeited glee
At all her jokes, for many a joke had she."*

Class Prophet, June Class; Spanish Club; Civics Club; History Club; Roulette Staff; Daniel Literary Society; Girls' Chorus; Raven Society; Athletic Association.

The life of the history trips, the hikes, the swimming pool, Room No. 304 and Senorita's favorite. "Coo-Coo" has wonderful hazel eyes that are calculated to do a lot of damage.



Roulette



MARIE LOVE BOWMAN

"BIG BILL"

*"Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything."*

Page Society; Civics Club; History Club; Missile Reporter; Vice-President, Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus; Glee Club; Double Quartet; Raven Society; Spanish Club; Roulette Staff.

Here's a senior who will make her classmates proud of her some day, for Marie has a talent that has already shown itself; but even without this her classmates would love her, for she has that gift of making friends that only a few have.



ELLEN CHERIE BURGESS

"CHERRY"

"The silence that is in the starry sky."

Raven Society; Spanish Club; Daniel Literary Society.

Cherie is sweet and modest, also sincere and true; More studious, more generous one no one ever knew.



PATRICK HENRY BUTLER

"PAT"

*"Small in stature
Large in mind."*

Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y; Civics Club; History Club; Athletic Association; Roulette Staff; High School Orchestra; Public Speaking Society; Spanish Club; Junior Chamber of Commerce.

We wouldn't have missed being in Pat's Spanish class for all the money in the world, for he loves to tell jokes, and Senorita loves to hear them. Pat has been a steady and untiring worker and he certainly deserves to succeed.

MARY ANNA CHEELEY

"AL"

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Daniel Literary Society.

Mary is very quiet and reserved, and always sincere and true to her friends.



SHERWOOD WYNNE CHURN

"BUTTER"

"Large is his bounty, and his soul sincere."

Raven Society; Daniel Society; Missile Reporter; History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association.

Sherwood is right there with the goods when it comes to breaking the tender hearts of the "sweet young things." He is not only accomplished in this line, but he is also well known for the lively orchestra he has gotten up.



FREDERICK HANCOCKE COLE

"WILLY-HOP"

"A gentleman in every respect."

Athletic Association; Raven Society; Daniel Society; Spanish Club; Civics Club; History Club; Public Speaking Society.

The striking appearance of this young sheik would indicate that he had a very brilliant mind. Anyhow, Fred is right there; and again, maybe, he loves English.





WHITWORTH WILLSON COTTEN

"LITTLE ST"

"He was a very parfit gentil knight."

Football Team; Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y; History Club; Civics Club; Spanish Club; Public Speaking Society; Monogram Club; Class Statistician.

Whit is truly slow, but for the benefit of coming generations he has made of his High School life an interesting experiment: How many flunks one can catch in Spanish and still get by. Aside from this, however, he is really smart and is loved by a large number of flappers.



ARTHUR EDWARD DANCE

"DANCE"

*"He talks of nothing but business,
And despatches that business quickly."*

Editor, Missile; Editor, School Weekly News; Associate Editor, "Roulette"; Hi-Y; Raven Society; Athletic Association; Assistant Mgr., Football Team.

This young man is really something that the June Class should boast of, a quiet boy! Arthur is very smart, and you can always depend on him; nuff said!



ANNE ESTELLE DEFFENBAUGH

"SHORTY"

*"She's lovely, fascinating, yet not a bit wild,
And she always greets you with the tenderest smile."*

Athletic Association; Student Council; Vice-President, Page Society; President, Page Society; Page Society Debating Team; President, Junior Class; Basketball Team (3 years); Missile Reporter; Ass't Circulation Manager, Roulette; Secretary, Raven Society; Girls' Chorus; President, Crush Club; Friendship Club.

Everybody knows Anne — full of pep, witty, a regular sport and good-looking and can surely play basketball. Go it, Anne, we're betting on you. For with your knowledge of getting frat pins you ought to have a bright future at Hampden-Sidney. Her only fault is being a Mann hater (?) and having Fallen-Archies.

WILBUR SAMUELS DISHMAN

"DISHPAN"

"And of his port as meek as is a maid."

History Club; Civics Club; Raven Society; Athletic Association.

Wilbur seems bashful—doesn't care much for girls, and sometimes studies. Thus, he drags along day after day.



SUSIE ESTELLE ELMORE

"SUE"

*"When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be."*

History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

To those who are privileged to know her intimately, Susie is truly a loyal friend. At times, she loves to talk especially concerning two subjects—Spanish and Chemistry.



WILLIAM WORTHAM FARINHOLT

"BILL"

*"He is a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."*

Athletic Association; Football Team (2 years); Monogram Club; Hi-Y; Sec'y, History Club; Sec'y, 4L Civics Club; Vice-President, 4H Civics Club; Assistant Circulation Manager, Missile; President, Student Council; Assistant Business Manager, Missile.

We believe we are right in saying Bill is one of our best all-round seniors, and his wonderful disposition has made him very popular with both boys and girls. He has also shown that he is of the stuff heroes are made of.





WILLIAM MEADE FEILD

"IBBY"

"The valor of manhood wears a noble face."

Athletic Association; Page Society; Raven Society; History Club; Civics Club; Spanish Club.

William is small and full of mischief—very fond of answering English questions and aggravating Miss Guerrant. The girls think he is very cute and good-looking, and he thinks so, too.



ARCHIE BOLLING FOWLKES

"SKITCHY"

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Public Speaking Society; Spanish Club; Missile Reporter; Associate Editor, Roulette; History Club; Civics Club.

We all love that clever red head and sometimes envy all it holds. "Prosperity to the man who ventures most to please her!" She is one of the two ablest girls in our class.



JOHN EVERETT FRANKLIN

"DON JUAN"

*"But as you know me all
A plain, courteous man."*

History Club; Missile Reporter; Athletic Association; Raven Society; Spanish Club; Hi-Y Club.

*"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."*

JACK AUGUSTA GOODMAN

"BRET HARTE"

"On the lips of his subduing tongue, all kinds of argument."

Spanish Club; History Club; Athletic Association; Civics Club; Junior Hi-Y; Hi-Y; Orchestra; Art Staff of Roulette; Page Society; Vice-President, 4L Class; Public Speaking Society.

Jack is a sheik and, besides this, he and Mr. Miller are close friends. It has been decided that the weaker sex are attracted on account of Jack's musical talent, so if you would be popular learn to play a violin.



VIRGINIA LEE GRIFFIN

"GIN"

"Her smile forever glowed."

Spanish Club; Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Friendship Club.

Virginia is a very capable senior who always gets a good report. She is quiet unless you know her well, but her friends know that she has a lot of fun that she keeps hidden to spring occasionally.



RUTH SUMMERFIELD HADDON

"POLLY"

*"Brown eyes, laughing face,
Kind heart, ways of grace."*

Daniel Society; Spanish Club; Athletic Association; Raven Society.

Her personal attractions are many, her mental attributes are excellent, and her popularity is undoubted.





WILLIAM HOWARD HAWKINS

"HAWK"

*"Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."*

Athletic Association; Treasurer, Daniel Society; Student Council; Football and Basketball (2 years each); Sec'y and Treas., Hi-Y; Business Manager, Handbook; Assistant Circulation Manager Roulette; Vice-President Daniel Society; Vice-President, 4L Class; President, Senior Class; Class Historian; Civics Club; Spanish Club; Secretary and Treasurer Monogram Club.

What more need we say? Is he not our class president? To be president of the senior class, one must be—well, at any rate, a good fellow—and that certainly is what Bill is. A better sport or one more democratic would be hard to find.



MARIEN ROSSELLA HOLT

"ROSE"

School Weekly News Staff.

An earnest, diligent, conscientious student, whose greatest ambition is to get high marks always. Her work throughout the four years proves her worth. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."



WILLIAM PRESTON HOY

"DOC"

"Just a jolly good fellow."

Vice-Pres., Page Society; Vice-Pres., History Club; Vice-Pres., Junior Hi-Y; Pres., Civics Club; Sec'y, Student Council; Public Speaking Society; Raven Society; Athletic Association; Missile Reporter; Assistant Circulation Manager, Missile.

This good-looking specimen is indeed a sheik, who spends most of his time waiting for the admiration of the flappers. Anyhow, "Doc" is not so awfully conceited and will probably improve with time.



WILLIAM ALEXANDER IRVINE

"BILLY"

"Nothing but himself can be his equal."

Pres., Hi-Y Club; Pres., Athletic Association; Sec'y, Daniel Literary Society; Pres., Daniel Literary Society (4 times); Vice-Pres., Student Council ('24 and '25); Student Council ('25 and '26); Pres., Civics Club; Vice-Pres., History Club; Pres., 4L Class; Sec'y and Treas., Junior Hi-Y; Football Squad (2 years); Editor-in-Chief, Student Handbook; Pres., Public Speaking Society (twice); Spanish Club.

Who could gaze upon this noble countenance without a feeling of admiration? But honestly, Bill is a fine fellow, and is loved by quite a lot of fair damsels. He loves to talk and it seems everyone likes to hear him; so in all, Billy's life should be very interesting.



ELLIOTT JONES

"JAKE"

"Cast away sorrow, and let's all be merry!"

Spanish Club; Hi-Y; Football Squad; Baseball Squad; School Weekly News Staff; Athletic Association.

Elliott is the boy who loves his Spanish and always knows his English. Jake's a fine fellow and sometimes likes to tease a certain curly-haired divinity. Anyhow, he's all right and we like him lots.



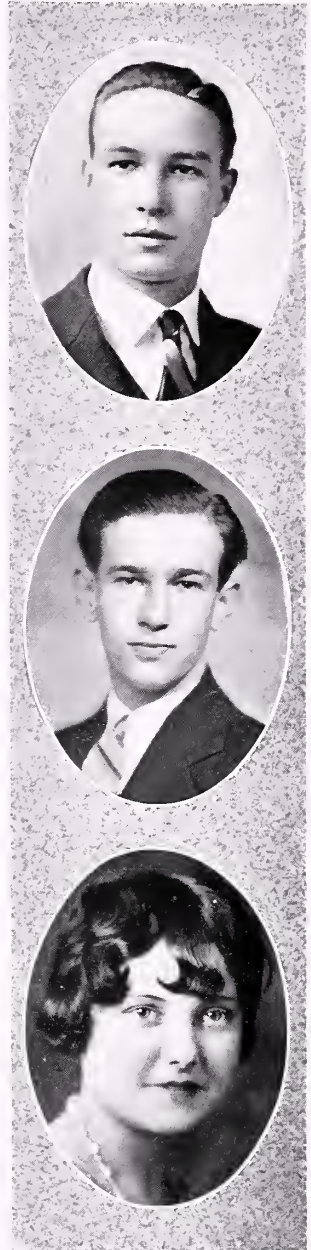
MARTHA BYRLE LANIER

"SIS"

"The very flower of youth."

Secretary Page Society; Spanish Club; Girls' Chorus; History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association.

One glance at Martha and you would think she is quiet and reserved, but dear me! She is one of the peppiest carefree young things floating through the halls every morning pursued by Mr. Freas. Martha is plenty good-looking and attracts trees, especially the Branches.





CHARLES POWELL LUM, JR.

"LUM"

*"His valor and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind."*

History Club; Hi-Y Club; Spanish Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Missile Reporter; Class Poet; Art Editor, Roulette (2 years).

Here we have a boy whose talents can not be counted—a coming poet, and oh boy! we mean he can draw. Powell is P. H. S.'s best artist, and we are positive that life will be good to this senior who has such unlimited originality.



AUDREY GENEVA MATTHEWS

"MATT"

"Laugh and grow fat."

Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

Audrey owns a rare art,
Understanding wide;
Happy ones who reach it find
A generous soul, a generous mind—
Treasures that abide.



MAE ST. CLAIR M'IVOR

"MAE MAC"

"By the work one knows the workman."

Raven Society; Daniel Society; Girls' Chorus; History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Public Speaking Society; Assistant Editor, Missile.

Mae is the most studious feminine member of our June class, and she surely does like to know something about the lesson. She's quiet and seems to listen rather than talk. Here's hoping things will come her way in the future.

MARY ETHEL MIZE

"PUNK"

"A mixture of humor and good sense."

Daniel Literary Society; Spanish Club; Athletic Association; Friendship Club; High School Orchestra; Basketball Squad.

Full of pep! I'll say so! She's just brimming over with mischief. Ethel will try almost anything once, and she surely can read that "España Pintoresca" as if it were English.



BERNARD MILTON MOORE

"RASTUS"

"A mind serene for contemplation."

Athletic Association.

If we only had more like you, Milton! He is quiet and very reserved, and, above all, he attends to his own business.



ROBERT TAYLOR MORRIS, JR.

"BOB"

"A princelier looking man never step thru a prince's hall."

Spanish Club; History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Junior Hi-Y; Daniel Literary Society.

Robert is unusually serious and quite reserved. We suppose it's a case of "The Shallows Murmur, but the Deepes are Dumb." Nevertheless, he is popular with the girls, and by some he is considered an answer to "A Maiden's Prayer."





GRACE MAE NUNNALLY

"RUNT"

"Infinite riches in a little room."

Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Civics Club; History Club; Missile Reporter; Girls' Chorus; Friendship Club; Glee Club Double Quartet; Banjo-uke Club; Public Speaking Society.

Believe me, folks! she's got a wicked eye. Grace is a fine senior shining in Chemistry and those melting glances have been very successful in precipitating physiological changes, and even altering figures.



LUCY DUVAL PILCHER

"JIPPY"

*"True of heart, and sweet of face
With gay and girlish air."*



Athletic Association; Page Society; Missile Reporter; History Club; Spanish Club; Secretary-Treasurer, Civics Club; Girls' Chorus; Friendship Club.

Drink to "Jippy," the dearest and sweetest girl in school! She who shines where ever she's put, and in Spanish—why, kid, she and Senorita Wilkie are side-partners. Sometimes we envy Lucy for her unusual disposition, and her curly hair surely does attract the sheiks.



MARY EVELYN ROBERTSON

"LITTLE WILMER"

*"Too simple is our wit to tell her worth
Whom all of us admire for majesty."*



President, Raven Society; Vice-President, Public Speaking Society; President, History Club; Daniel Society; Page Society; Missile Reporter; Civics Club Athletic Association; Secretary-Treasurer, Spanish Club; Student Council; Associate Editor, Missile; Editor-in-Chief, Roulette; Secretary and Treasurer, Senior Class.

Here's to our leader—"To lips of dawn and eyes of night." Mary is a rare combination of brains and beauty. We've depended on her, and she has never failed us. That's why '26 loves her.

JANIE ELIZABETH RUFFIN

"RUF"

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."*

High School Orchestra; Raven Society; Daniel Society; Secretary, History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Public Speaking Society; Associate Editor, Roulette.

Yes! she's a shark when it comes to studying. Janie is true blue—rather reserved and a fine, strong character.



ALICE HENSHAW SEVERS

"RED"

*"Those true eyes.
Too true and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them."*

Athletic Association; Friendship Club; Vice-President 4L Class; High School Orchestra; Public Speaking Society; History Club; Civics Club; Girls' Chorus; Vice-President, 4-H Class.

Alice is one of the bright lights of the Senior Class. She is kind, obliging and full of life; and if in later years she remains the same sweet girl we know, there will be no doubt of her future success.



MARIE GERTRUDE SHEFFIELD

"GERTIE"

*"Her gifts of wit and ornaments of nature
Are fit for so goodly a stature."*

History Club; Civics Club.

If we would describe Gertrude quite
One thing must we relate,
Winner or loser, wrong or right,
In fair or foul, by day or night,
Her path is slim and straight.





MARY THELMA SIMONSON

"TUNNER"

"Her aim is happiness."

Athletic Association; Raven Society; Spanish Club.

Thelma very seldom does much studying, but she certainly shines in bookkeeping. We hope the best for her in whatever she undertakes.



SIDNEY CRAWLEY SMITH

"SID"

"A man of few words."

History Club; Civics Club; Spanish Club.

Sidney is another one of those quiet, studious boys in our class. He is not over fond of girls, but is a good sport and liked by all who know him.



MILDRED PETERSON SOUTHALL

"MIL"

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
Courteous though coy, gentle though retir'd."*

Basketball Team; Manager, Basketball Team; Athletic Association; Daniel Society.

Mildred is rather reserved, but she can certainly play basketball. She is also a prominent figure in Miss Browning's Type Class.

JOHN BRADLEY STAFFORD

"BRAD"

"A sound mind in a sound body."

History Club; Civics Club; Spanish Club.

Bradley is quiet and unassuming and liked by everyone; may he make for himself a high place in the world, notwithstanding his stature.



LEROY HARWOOD TENCH

"ROY"

"Silence is the best resolve."

Raven Society; Athletic Association; Spanish Club.

This senior has been a steady and untiring worker, always getting good grades. He does especially well in Senorita's class where his eagerness to learn has won him many friends.



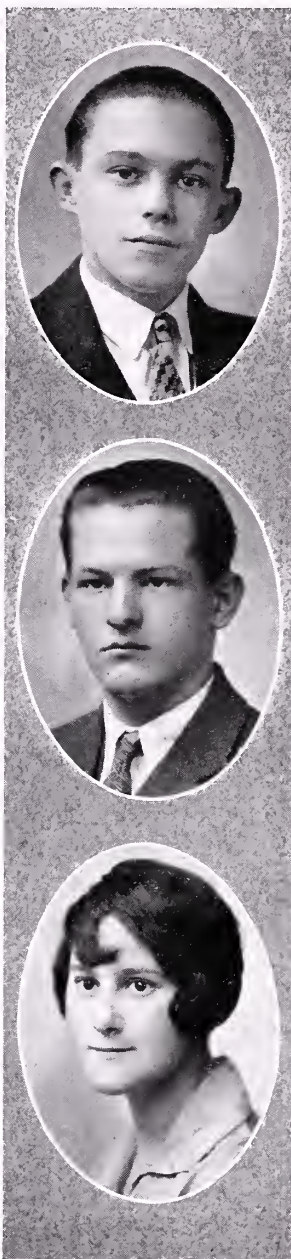
ELVA LOUISE TIPTON

"TIP"

*"She is gentle, kind and sweet;
Ready to help us our trials to meet."*

Orchestra; Page Society; Spanish Club; Athletic Association.

Louise can play a violin and she is pretty, too. In fact, Louise looks as if she might be an expert in casting sweet side glances.





ROSA STEPHENSON TOWNES

"TOOTS"

*"Any way you take her,
You will find as we have found;
There is nothing in her lacking.
She is true, and safe, and sound."*

Page Society; Public Speaking Society; History Club; Raven Society; Civics Club; Roulette Staff; Song Writer; Senior Class.

No sweeter girl ever lived than Rosa, and not only that, but she's a good sport to the extent that she will go swimming in the coldest weather. Her only fault is being an all-round man-hater, but just give her time!



SADIE ELIZABETH USHER

"TUTS"

"Labor conquers all things."

Public Speaking Society; History Club; Civics Club.

She is quiet, but seems to have true poetic ability and is very industrious.



KATHRYN ASHTON WALKER WATKINS

"KITTY"

*"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow."*

Athletic Association; Civics Club; History Club; Page Society; School Weekly News Staff; Girls' Chorus; Freshman Club.

Here we have one who is no other than Kitty. She loves to talk and also loves Senorita—which is the better we can't decide. Anyhow, we think lots of Kitty, and her eagerness to talk Spanish is very amusing.



NANNIE LOUISE WAYMACK

"COOK" -

*"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair."*

"Cookie" not only in name but in personality, and we all know that the man who gets her will surely get fat for she can certainly cook. We are positive that Mr. Powers will be sorry when she leaves as he will not have anyone to argue with.



BARBARA BROOKS WILLCOX

"BROOKS"

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

Raven Society; Page Society; History Club; Civics Club; Missile Reporter; Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Girls' Chorus; Friendship Club.

Mix up plenty of pep, sympathy, beauty and sense, and one has Barbara—the most lovable senior in P. H. S. Look at her and we doubt the expression "Beautiful, but Dumb;" for Barbara's Spanish speaks for itself; and then too, we nearly forgot, she's our most mischievous senior.



MARTHA MILLER WILLIAMS

"BUTTERCUP"

*"Look out upon the stars, 'Buttercup',
And shame them with your eyes."*

Athletic Association; Page Society; History Club; Girls' Chorus; Spanish Club; Friendship Club; Civics Club.

Martha is truly a person to be classed as a sincere and loyal friend to the ones who know her, and, although to strangers she seems proud, her friends know her as anything else. She is always anxious over her work, showing, after all, the deepest of ambition.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH WILLIS

"BETH"

*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."*

History Club; Civics Club; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; Winner First Prize "Home Lighting Contest," Petersburg.

Pretty and popular, laughing and gay
She goes along in the happiest way,
Of wit and wisdom she's filled to the brim
With a practical mixture of vigor and vim.



MARTHA MARY ZITTA

"ZIT"

"Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

Basketball Squad.

Martha is extremely quiet with a voice you fail to hear. This, however, does not keep her from being a coming basketball star.





Class Poem



Graduation

In a golden sunrise flecked with blue
And cream white clouds—born anew,
Forty figures on a purple cliff
Climbed a winding beaten pass
Nor tarried till they stood—
A silhouette in one great mass—
Before the sun.

The earth seemed distant—far below
The circling cypress in a row,
The forty figures with eyes which shone
Gazed always sky-wards to the crest;
Then thought—the course was run
The golden summit—the purple nest!
The sun swayed on.

The world grew brighter—brighter still
The sun had moved beyond the hill,
They saw aright—their eyes were clear,
'Twas but the broadening of the way
On the mountain thrice the size
Of the purple cliff in the sunlit day—
That now was past.

Scarce the time on the newfound rise
To linger or receive good-byes;
For they must tread this rough byway,
With head erect—in a single file
Over the mountain—a long, long line
Up, on up this highway mile on mile—
Up, on up this mountain road.

—POWELL LUM.



HORACE MANN

ROGUES' GALLERY

Ye Olde Curiosities . of February.



1



2



3



4



5



6

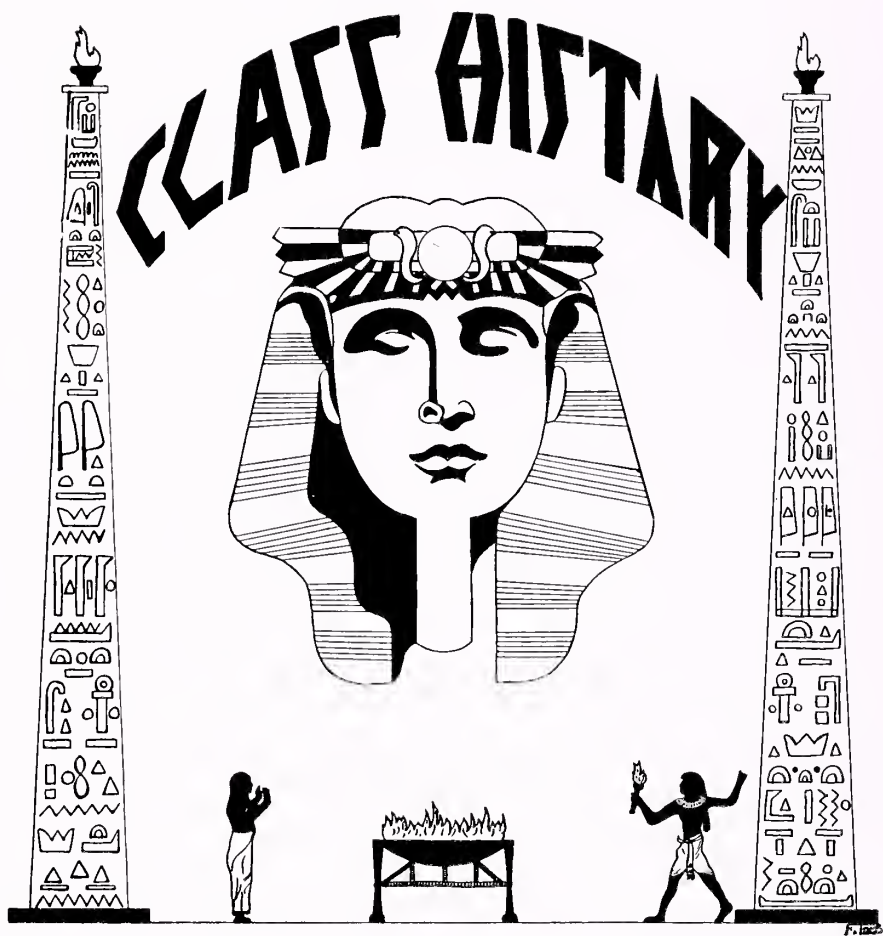
1—Most attractive: Charles Ridenour, Frances Dodd. 2—Best sports: Mary Frances Hatchett, Hatcher Nunnally. 3—Everybody's friend: Charles Ridenour, Lucy Mae Boswell. 4—Biggest cut-ups: Lester Bowman, Mary Fisher Collier. 5—Laziest: Josiah Ioliff, Margaret Cousins. 6—Most studious: Thomas Harding, Harriet Pope.



1—Biggest nuts: Jack Goodman, Elise Brown. 2—Best all-round: Bill Farinholt, Mary Robertson. 3—Mutt and Jeff: Bill Hawkins, Rosa Townes. 4—Biggest talkers: Lucy Pilcher, Jake Jones. 5—Most michcievous: Preston Hoy, Barbara Willcox. 6—Most Studios: Mae McIvor, John Barrett.







Class History



February Class



AT THE end of each semester we have been required to stand examinations on the work covered during the past four months. Now, at the end of four years we submit this, an examination of our career in P. H. S., to your approval. We trust that you will find us capable of bearing our share of hardship in Life's stern struggle.

While our class boasted of no brilliant and scintillating intellects, you will find us to be a homogeneous mass of the happy medium. We have always done our best to hold up the scholastic records, but while doing this, we did not lose the P. H. S. spirit, and have given hearty support to all student activities.

The "Missile" drew a goodly number of representatives from our class. Virginia Gilliam served first as Associate Editor, then as Editor; Charles Ridenour served as Business Manager. Associate Editors from our class were: Mary Fisher Collier, Robert Harwell, and Harriet Pope.

In the Page Society, Anne Deffenbaugh was once Vice-President, and once President. She was also a member of the debating team of this Society.

The greater number of our class were members of the Daniel Society, with Hatcher Nunnally and Lucy Boswell each serving a term as secretary. Thomas Harding, a member of this Society, was the school representative in the National Oratorical Contest of 1925.

The February class was well represented in the Student Council by Virginia Gilliam, Anne Deffenbaugh, and Lester Bowman. Virginia Gilliam served once as Vice-President.

The History and Civics Clubs had a great number of our class as members. Harriet Pope was President of the History Club.

The Hi-Y, the club which has done more than any other organization to elevate the moral tone of the school



February Class History—Continued

and to promote a better school spirit, drew a large percentage of its membership from the February class. While in the Junior organization of this club, Lester Bowman served as its Vice-President.

The Boys' Ukelele Club, a new club, is composed almost entirely of girls of the February class. Virginia Spain is its Vice-President.

I have left one of our most important school organizations for the last. This is the Athletic Association. Our class has always supported it to the uttermost. It is entirely fitting that Mary Frances Hatchett and Robert Harwell, two of our classmates, should have been its secretary and its treasurer, respectively.

Now for the teams:

Anne Deffenbaugh has been on the Varsity squad of the girls' basketball team for three years. Mary Frances Hatchett managed the team for the season of '24-'25, and was captain for the season of '25-'26. Virginia Gilliam was also a member of the squad.

In baseball, Lester Bowman and Wilbur Andrews were on the squad, while Thomas Harding was manager of the team of '25.

Anthony Fischer was our outstanding football representative in the point of service, though he doesn't outrank Ben Smith, his team mate. Fischer was the winner of three letters, but Smith earned two and the captaincy of the 1925 team. Andrew Shapiro was also on the squad. Thomas Harding served as manager in 1925.

In basketball our class was ably represented by Ben Smith, Fischer, and Wilbur Andrews, a two year letter man and manager of the team of '25-'26.

The time presses when we must leave the walls of P. H. S., where we have received the sturdy armor and weapons with which we are to fight Life's battles. Our making of history here is almost ended. We turn over our records to the succeeding classes and charge them to keep them forever untarnished and as well as we have tried to keep those of the classes gone before us.

Thomas A. Harding.

Class History



June Class



WHEN the culmination of any great effort is reached there is always a desire to review the struggle in retrospect and to see to whom and for what credit is due. We have reached the culmination of our four years at High School, and have gained the heights, but beyond we see a more difficult mountain to ascend—the mountain of life. No matter; let us pause, having gained our present heights, to look back and behold our progress.

Judged from the literary standpoint our record is creditable. The Daniel and Page Literary Societies both took their full toll, and honored quite a few members with offices, the highest honor being given William Irvine by the Daniel Literary Society in electing him their president for four consecutive terms. The "Roulette" has for its editor-in-chief Mary Robertson. More need not be said, as this book bespeaks the excellence of her work. Arthur Dance edited the "Missile," the bi-monthly school paper, in 1926, and his work was also outstanding. Honorable mention should also be given the various members of this class who acted as associate-editors of these two productions, and also those who upheld the business and circulating ends.

At the head of a long list of representatives on the governing factor, the Student Council, stands William Farinholt, who was president in 1924-25. The Council is due much credit for the splendid work it accomplished under Farinholt. In 1924-25, the Council published a Handbook, the first attempt in P. H. S., and, with William Irvine as editor-in-chief, it was a success.

In an athletic way, the June class claims full recognition, especially in football. In this sport were William Farinholt, Edwin Branch, Whitworth Cotten and William Hawkins, each earning his letter. In girls' basketball Mildred Southall was the only devotee, but she made up in



June Class History—Continued

quality for the lack of quantity. Two boys played basketball, William Hawkins and Joe Best.

Both the Friendship Club for girls and the boys' Hi-Y Club were well-filled by members of the June class. William Irvine again shone forth, by his election as president of the Hi-Y Club in 1925-26. Other minor offices were filled in both clubs.

The History and Civics Clubs were, at various times guided by members of this class, Preston Hoy leading the Civics Club in 1925-26.

Taken as a whole the June class has taken a widely varied part in school life, and, we hope, has had an influence for the better in all phases of these activities.

Wm. Hawkins.





CHORUS

High School, we say adieu!
High School, farewell to you!
We've spent the day so happily here,
Days full of cheer; none have been dear.
High School, good luck to you!
Think of us always as true.
Thoughts thus will bind us close together,
Sharing the fair and the cloudy weather,
High School, we say adieu!
High School, we'll always love you!

CLASS SONG

Class Song



(Tune—"Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?")

Mem'ries hold full sway in our hearts today
 As we think of leaving P. H. S.
 Mem'ries of the days spent in various ways
 Linger as we dream of new success.

CHORUS

High School, we say adieu!
 High School, farewell to you!
 We've spent the days so happily here,
 Days full of cheer; none have been dear.
 High School, good luck to you!
 Think of us always as true.
 Thoughts thus will bind us close together,
 Sharing the fair and the cloudy weather.
 High School, we say adieu!
 High School, we'll always love you!

II.

As through life we go, moving to and fro,
 We will take with us our lives to bless
 Thoughts of teachers true, every one of you,
 Faculty of dear old P. H. S.

—ROSA TOWNES.



Class Prophecy

★ LUM ★



Prophecy



February Class

OUR EDITOR is always looking for interesting news. I suppose all editors are. Before I start this article, however, I must tell you that our editor, Mr. Stuart, who has made the Progress-Index a famous paper, taught Latin for many years in the Petersburg High School. In fact, he was teaching there when the class of '26, the President's class, graduated. So you see he is especially interested in the High School.

The other day just after President Ridenour had put the Child Labor Bill across, he called me into his office.

"Weren't you in the class of '26?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied wondering what was coming next.

"Well," he said. "Don't you think it would be interesting, especially since several in that class are famous, to follow up each member and find out what he or she is doing now? There is not very much news now, and we might use it for the front page. How long would it take you to get the material and write the column? A week?"

"Make it longer," I replied. "In the fifteen years since we finished High School, we have scattered everywhere and while most will be easy to find out about, there will be several who'll be hard to trace."

He gave all the time I needed and this is the result. Of course there is room to print only a few of the most important facts about each one, but one can read between the lines.

Charlie Ridenour is, of course, president of the United States. Everyone knows that, but does everyone know that Snakey Fischer is a hobo? He travels all over the country every year, and has worked only two days since leaving school.

Sara Smith is training monkeys in a circus. How could you, Sara? We expected better things of you.



Prophecy, February Class—Continued

Ben Smith is a dancing teacher. He is specializing particularly in the "Charleston" because it is so graceful.

Mary Fisher Collier is an old maid stenographer. Aren't you surprised at that?

Francis Toms and Joe Jolliff are running a beauty parlor. They are quite successful.

Lucy May Boswell is teaching negroes in a country school. Why pick on the colored population?

Mary Frances Hatchett is running a kindergarden. She got wonderful training for this kind of work when she was president of the Senior class at P. H. S.

Oliver Downing just couldn't leave P. H. S. He is now Coach Joyner's assistant and they are turning out a championship team.

Eulice Franklin has discovered what Einstein's theory of relativity is all about, and for the past year has been trying to explain it to the world. We wish him success.

Frances Dodd is one of the famous ones. She is a movie star, a second Pola Negri.

Iris Stone is Virginia's first woman governor. She is making a big name for herself in political circles.

Andrew Shapiro who was so brilliant in Latin class is Mr. Stuart's successor. He took this job the year Mr. Stuart took up newspaper work.

Robert Harwell has gone into partnership with Mr. Rees, the photographer. They work quite well together.

Margaret Cousins is running a most efficient taxi service for Petersburg. Strange as it may seem, she began business with one Ford.

The social calendar for next week is quite full. It seems that both Florence Harrison and Anne Douthat are to be married, but not to each other.

Mary Brown Allgood is teaching physical training in P. H. S. It is really surprising how many of the old graduates have come back to take positions in school.

Mary Mann has gone in for philanthropy. She is teach-



Prophecy, February Class—Continued

ing hundreds of less fortunate women how to make their hair look just like hers.

Poor Lester Bowman is marooned on a desert island, but he is not alone. He has a piece of cracked mirror with him.

Elizabeth Falconer is a second Eddie Guest. One of her latest books is entitled "Heart Throbs of a Nation."

Virginia Spain is a lawyer. She got much of her ability in this line from explaining why she was late so often in 315.

Harriet Pope is a great leader of the Woman's Party. She expects to run for president at the next election.

Joe Best is a traffic cop. When he wants traffic to stop, he takes off his hat. Few people have realized nature's gifts so well.

Thomas Harding is in Williamsburg. His mind broke under the strain of trying to decide whether or not the moon is made of green cheese.

Lena Lavenstein is bossing a husband. She does it quite well, having gotten several good lessons from the class play.

Linda Malone is teaching singing in Hopewell High School. As their first lesson she gives them all "I Wonder What's Become of Sally." "Old songs are best," says Linda.

Selma Lavenstein, who was everybody's friend in High School, is running an uplift club in New York's East side.

Helen Rahily is a famous dancer. I wonder if she remembers the Tuesdays and Thursdays down in the gym.

Hatcher Nunnally has been hunting big game in Africa. "It is neither so hard nor so dangerous as hunting advertisers for the Annual," says Hatcher.

We all knew Elizabeth Lanier would surprise us some day and stop being lazy. She is now Society Editor of the Progress-Index, and, heavens, how she does work.

Doris Steere is the champion woman swimmer of the world. She hopes to swim the English Channel this year.



Prophecy, February Class—Continued

Minnie Crafton has organized the first professional woman's football team in Virginia. Why do you suppose she did it?

If any of the class of '26 want to get the addresses of their classmates, we shall be glad to give them to you. Owing to lack of space it was impossible to do any more than give an idea of what they were doing. It seems strange to think that all these widely separated people once went to school together.

Virginia R. Gilliam

NOTE: Virginia Gilliam—once a promising editor of the "Missile" has continued her work in journalism and is now editor of Colored Dots.

Lucy Mae Boswell.





Prophecy



June Class

THE night was dark, and the hot dry sands of the Sahara were giving up their intense heat to the cool breezes as our group of weary travelers came upon a small band of Arabs camping by an inviting stream. They welcomed us in to rest, and my seat happened to be beside an old Arab woman who was slowly dying for want of food. I gave her some of our supper and afterwards she held my hand and spoke to me.

"My friend," she said in broken English, "you have helped me to live, and now I would reward you. Is there any friend or friends you would like to see—know their failures and successes?" And as I smiled she continued, "Here I have at my feet the mystic sands of the desert. Print in them the name or question you wish and it will fade away into the real picture of the person."

And so I did, for mere curiosity, print in the mystic sands the name of my dearest friends—my classmates.

First there was our energetic Charles Barksdale. I printed his name, and slowly, much to my delight, the sands faded away and a brilliant picture came before my astonished eyes. It was the scene of a prize fight and in the ring, winner over Preston Hoy, was Charlie.

And then the picture died away only to be replaced by a huge advertisement which read:—"Meeting of Flappers Union with Miss Mary Barlow speaker." I was greatly puzzled over this unusual change in our quiet Mary.

Then came the scene of a church—large and extensive. In the pulpit preaching against the modern youth was Anne Deffenbaugh, while Barbara Willcox was leading the choir composed entirely of men. Quite natural, I thought.

By that time I was getting extremely interested, and one after the other I printed the names with amazing results.



Prophecy, June Class—Continued

Next I saw the picture of our once reserved Janie Ruffin. It was in the New York World and with her was her sixth husband, Count Lovahard of Roumania. She seemed to be racing Peggy Joyce in the matter of heart breaking.

After that came another "hit". It was Lucy Pilcher. Due to her lasting devotion to Miss Wilkie and Spanish, she had disguised herself with a black wig as a *Senorita* and danced nightly in the *Cafe del Diablo* in Madrid.

Again I printed. This time it was Sadie Usher as she made her debut amid a cloud of cigarette smoke at the Woman's Club.

Then came the scene of a cafe, and there employed as a waiter serving corn beef and cabbage was Patrick Butler.

There was Dorothy Patridge as speed cop between New York and California, Robert Morris lecturing on "What It Means to Be In Love," and then our original Powell Lum painting a picture of Baby Peggy. Also there was Martha Lanier announcing that under her leadership the Man Haters' Club will endeavor to stop all flirting entirely—Ethel Mize and Ruth Haddon were her assistants.

I saw Rosa Townes and William Irvine as dancing partners in the Tourist Hotel doing their new dance, "The Mule's Kick" similar to the Charleston.

And then I saw a funny paper called "The Cuckoo's Cackles" with cartoons done entirely by Martha Williams.

I was wondering by this time what other unusual things I would see when I glimpsed our dependable Mary Robertson, faithful in her devotion to her English training as she sold her book, "Why Professor Miller Killer Edgar A. Guest," and Archie Fowlkes as she received her five-dollar acting diploma which would enable her to play Ophelia's part in Hamlet.

Later there was Elliott Jones as a foot specialist, Mary Bradsher as street cleaner of Pocahontas, and Marion Holt as a chorus girl for Flo Ziegfield.

Just at that time I saw the vision of a large building.



Prophecy, June Class—Continued

It was the McWillis Studio where Mae McIvor and Elizabeth Willis had succeeded Arthur Murray as dancing masters. In the same building Audrey Mathews as a movie star was directing her own picture, "The Bare Bear," and from her costumes I judged she was following in the footsteps of Mae Murray.

Then came my worst shock as I saw lovely Marie Bowman teaching Spanish at V. N. I. I. She had, it seemed, lost her voice singing a jazzy hit.

The next visions were of William Farinholt as football captain at Yale, John Barrett as president of the Charm School for men, and John Franklin as a salesman for the As You Like It Ice Cream Company.

There was a glimpse of Whitworth Cotten who, much to my surprise, had turned out as Miss Wilkie wished. He was in Cuba where he was a dealer in "gin" and "rye", but spoke espanol fluently.

Later I saw Leroy Tench who had broken the record on smiling as he gives lessons for two bits per smile, and Bradley Stafford was chauffeur for Jackie Coogan.

And then there was Kitty Watkins, head of the French department of Hopewell, as she was speaking on "Why Inferiors should not contradict their Superiors."

I was wondering what would come before me next when I found myself gazing into the face of William Hawkins. He was the latest movie sheik—then acting in Elinor Glyn's "Her Hour."

Then there was an exclusive apartment owned by the "Three Glorious Strangers"—famous for breaking men's hearts. They were Cherie Burgess, Mary Cheeley, and Gertrude Sheffield. With them was Fred Cole as their advertising manager.

My eyes were suddenly dazzled by a huge advertisement in a local paper: "Arthur Dance, famous sheik, will visit town—Mothers keep your daughters at home. He will bring with him Virginia Griffin, Elizabeth Thomas, and Susie Elmore."



Prophecy, June Class—Continued

I saw Milton Moore in his wonderful invention, "The Flying Fliver," and with him was his business partner, Thelma Simonson, who made the fliver fly.

Also there was Wilbur Dishman entertaining some fair "slang slingers" (formerly known as flappers) and Sherwood Churn, Louise Tipton and Jack Goodman members of The Old Western Orchestra.

Mademoiselles Martha Zitta and Grace Nunnally were winners of the tin cup for being the loudest singers of Paris. It seemed they had taken Broadway by storm.

Later I was quite surprised to see Nannie Waymack as she gave a tea for her rich friends, Mildred Southall and Mabel Brockwell. Nannie appeared to be a reformer of the English language as she was attempting to cut out all unnecessary words.

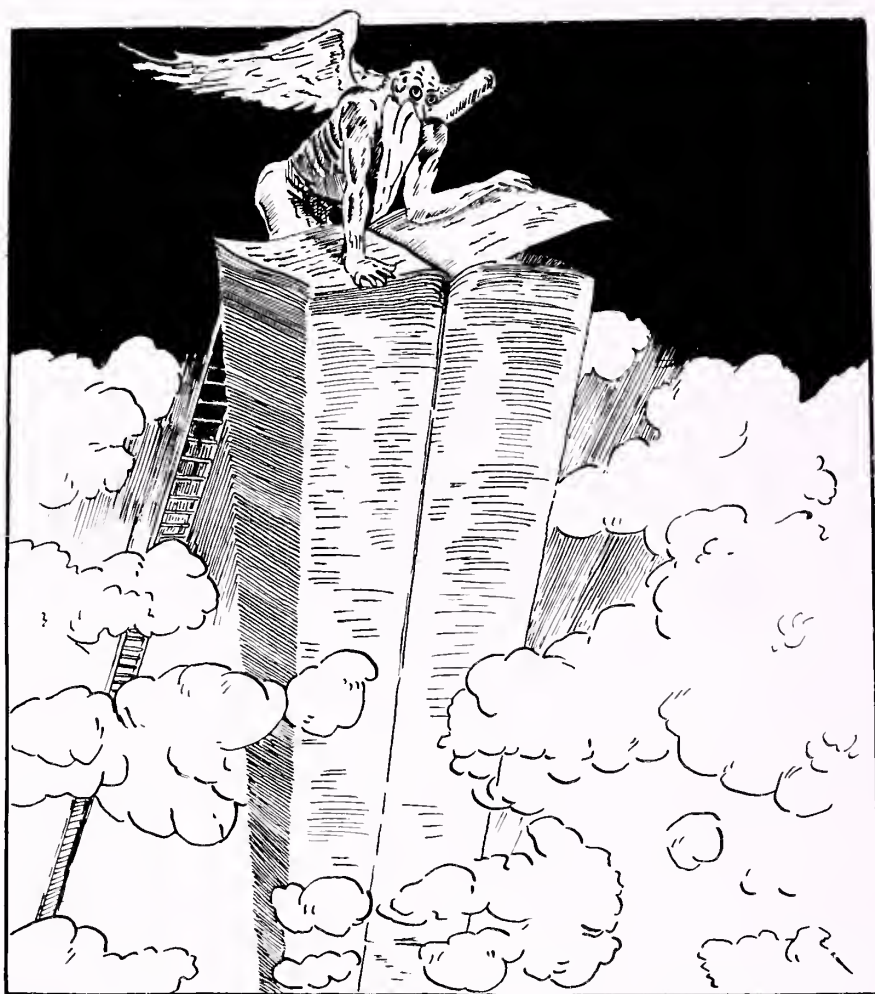
Sidney Smith had just been made president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., while William Field was at Sing-Sing continuing his education. During his stay William had written a famous book—"How to Break Safes Quietly," which by this time will have made him the richest man there.

And then as the camp fires grew low and the rest of our group slept under the clear skies of the desert, I looked down on the sleeping form of the Arab woman who had taken me back to my youth.

Elise Brown

Elise Brown in her desire to be a writer has accomplished great things. She is maid for the great Elinor Glyn.

Rosa Townes



F
TINTON

STATISTICS



STATISTICS For the February Class of '26

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Favorite song</i>	<i>Reminds us of</i>	<i>Greatest ambition</i>	<i>Doomed to be</i>
Mary Brown Allgood	A nice girl	Sugar Plum.	An old-fashioned girl	To be president of Y. W. C. A.	Leader of W.C.T.U.
Lester Bowman	A human radio	Kiss Me Quick and Let Me Go	A black-face comedian	To be a detective	Bootlegger
Lucy Boswell	"The time"	Home, James	Cleopatra	To be a fashion model	Model wife
Margaret Cousins	Cute	The Sunshine of Your Smile	French Class	To play a ukelele	A post-mistress
Mary Fisher Collier	Foolish	Yearning	Aunt Sarah Peabody	To be Loved	A Wheeler
Oliver Downing	Musical	Wreck of the Old Ninety-Seven	Sir Galahad	To be a musician	A sailor
Minnie Crafton	Studios	Oh! Boy What a Girl	Shirley Dale	To be an artist	A drawer of salaries
Anthony Fischer	Very interesting	Funeral March	Herman Hornblower	To play baseball	Fly-catcher
Frances Dodd	A dreamer of dreams	Oh, Frenchy!	Herself	To ride out	A knock-out
Eulice Franklin	Quiet.	Darktown Shuffle	Patrick Henry	To be a human fly	Brick Layer
Anne Douthat	Full o' pep	I'm Satisfied	Paderewsky	To be Patti's successor	The player of the steam piano at the fair
Thomas Harding	Teacher's pet	Hot Air	Harold Lloyd	To be famous	A ladies' man



February Class—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Favorite song</i>	<i>Reminds us of</i>	<i>Greatest ambition</i>	<i>Doomed to be</i>
Elizabeth Falconer	A genius	My Darling Nellie Gray	Jackie Coogan	To write poetry	Editor of "Snappy Stories"
Robert Harwell	A modern Romeo	We'll Steer Our Way to Matrimony	Cupid	To be great	Married
Virginia Gilliam	Good natured	It Struck My Funnybone	The Missile	To be a teacher	A chorus girl
Joe Joliff	A nice boy	Old Black Joe	Hank Mann	To be loved	Vamped
Florence Harrison	Hard(y) Hearted	Titina	The Follies	To be a Toe Dancer	Toe Lancer
Mary F. Hatchet	Sensible	Hotsy Totsy	The Pep	To be a Great Basketball Player	To Make Her Goal
Elizabeth Lanier	A Sport	The School Song	A Suffragette	To be an Actress	A Waitress
Lena Lavenstein	Wise	Oh! Katherine	A Billetdoux	To Teach English	An Elevator Girl
Selma Lavenstein	A Fine Girl	That Red Head Gal	Lavy	To be Somebody's Secretary	Somebody's Darling
Linda Malone	Witty	Ah! Ha!	Escaped Laughing Gas	To Keep Her Nose White	Blackmailed
Mary Mann	A Flapper	Footloose	The Charleston	To be an Actress	A star
Hatcher Nunnally	Mr. Smith	Take me Back to Tennessee	A Sheik	To Burn with Love	A Fireman
Harriet Pope	Hard to Beat	I'm a Little Wild Flower	A Flapper	To Land the Prince of Wales	Successful
Charles Ridenour	Stylish	You Gotta Know How	Soda Water	To get a Little Mill	Crushed
Helen Rahily	Attractive	Just in Time	Sugar and Spice and all Things Nice	To be a Co-ed	Mrs. Ed.
Andrew Shapiro	Smart	The Sheik	Rudolph Vaselino	To be a Lady Tamer	Lion Tamer



February Class—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Favorite song</i>	<i>Reminds us of</i>	<i>Greatest ambition</i>	<i>Doomed to be</i>
Sara Smith Ben Smith	Funny Tall	Ukelele Lady Polly Put the Kettle On The Old Oak	Latin Class Lord Chesterfield	To Broadcast To be a Banker	A Telephone Girl A Policeman
Virginia Spain	A Ukelele Player	The Old Oak Bucket Wedding March	The Banjo Club	To be Famous	Victorious
Doris Steere Iris Stone	Loved Kind	Come, Love With Me School Days	Juliet Her Photograph	To be an Old Maid To be a Member of Congress	Disappointed A Mender of Socks
Francis Toms	A Radio Fan		The Professor Tut	To Tune in on Mars	A Follower of Venus

JUNE CLASS OF '26

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>Favorite Hang-Out</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Liabie To</i>
Charles Barksdale	In Love	To Argue	Westover Avenue	To be a Lawyer	Go to court and get Sue(d)
Mary Barlow John Barrett	Old-fashioned Long	Compliments To Study	Church Anywhere—studying	To Teach School To be an Honor Graduate	Be a Missionary Succeed
Marie Bowman	Big	Music	Lynchburg	To Sing in Grand Opera.	Be a Mrs. Perkinson
Mary Bradshaw	Mischievous	To Breeze	In Her Ford	To be a Follies Girl	Be a Taxi Cab Driver

June Class—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>Favorite Hang-out</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Liabie to</i>
Elise Brown	Original	To Talk	The Palms	To Write	Be a Bootlegger
Cherie Burgess	Silent	To Learn "Solid"	Library	To be an Authoress	Be Disappointed
Patrick Butler	Industrious	To answer questions	Home	To be a Speaker	A Ladies' Man
Mary Cheeley	Lonesome	To be Captain	Ball Park	To be a Flapper	Be an Old Man's Darling
Sherwood Churn	Conceited	To Drive Athletics	On the Links	To be a Baseball Player	Be a Diamond Keeper
Fred Cole	A Nuisance	To Act Big	No. 304	To be a Sheik	Fail
Whitworth Cotten	Slightly Off	His Bread Buttered on Both Sides	Mr. Miller's Room	To be an Editor	Fail in Love
Arthur Dance	Quiet	Dates (try one)	In His "Chevy."	To Pass Short Hand	Be a Reporter
Wilbur Dishman	A Good Dancer	Chemistry	Hampden-Sidney	To be an Actress	Be a Farmer
Anne Deffenbaugh	Talkative	The Girls	Ducky's Room	To teach chemistry	Be a Man(n)
Susie Elmore	Fast	To go Hunting	Soda Fountain	To be President	Be a Hello Girl
William Farinholt	Little	To Talk	With His "Pony"	To be Big	Be a Soda Jerker
William Feild	Studious	To Argue	School	To Have Black Hair	To Get Fat
Archie Fowlkes	Good	To Play His Fiddle	Physics Class	To be a Scientist	Be a Hair Dyer
John Franklin	Aggravating	Spanish Athletics	In The Speed-wagon	To be an Artist	Be a Barber
Jack Goodman	Funny	Typewrite	Loafing at Home	To be a Stenog.	Be an Organ Grinder
Virginia Griffin	Big	Irene	City Point	To be a Star	Be a Spinster
William Hawkins	Quiet	To Argue with "Jim" Lewis	Woolworths	To be a Stenog.	End up at Tubize
Marion Holt	Foolish	Himself	Fillmore Street	To Marry	Elevator Girl
Preston Hoy	A Leader	Fuss	The Drug Store	To be President	An Old Bachelor
William Irvine	A Shrimp		Down Town	To be a Social Leader	Head of the Hod
Elliott Jores	Cute		Barbara's	To be Popular	Carriers' Union
Martha Lanier					Sponsor for Animal Crackers
					A Housewife





June Class—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>Favorite Hang-out</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Liabie to</i>
Powell Lum	An Artist (no neck)	To Write Poetry	Movies	To be a Ladies' Man	Painter (not house)
Audrey Mathews	Weighty	To Listen	No. 303	To Teach History	Be a Fat Lady in a Circus
Mae McIvor	A Book-hound	To Study	P. H. S	To be a Musician	Be a Teacher
Ethel Mize	Talkative	To be Noticed	Home	To be Loved	Be Gilted
Robert Morris	Handsome	To Charleston	The Gem	To be a Lover	Be a Tailor
Milton Moore	Bashful	School	Home	To be a Book-keeper	Be a Floor Sweeper
Grace Nunnally	Dumb	To be Noticed	Laboratory	To be a Song-bird	Be a Waitress in A&B
Dorothy Partridge	A Bird	To Rattle On	On the Street	To be a Teacher	Be a Firm Head
Lucy Pilcher	Skinny	To Talk	Swift Creek	To Fall in Love	Be an Artists' Model
Mary Robertson	Pretty	To Work	Grace Church	To Keep up with Wilmer	Be Run to Death
Janie Ruffin	Studious	Geometry	Laboratory	To be Famous	Be a Missionary
Alice Severs	Red-headed	To Read	Movies	To be an Actress	Be a Matron of an Orphanage
Gertrude Sheffield	Quick-tempered	"Oak"	Kenilworth	To be a Secretary	Be a Wash Woman
Thelma Simonson	Silent	Ponds	Washington Street	To be a Dancer	Be Fisherman's Wife
Sidney Smith	A Sphynx	Books	In a Ford	To be a Lawyer	Be a Mail-carrier
Mildred Southall	Lively	Basketball	Gymnasium	To be a Singer	Be a Bare-back Rider
Bradley Stafford	A Runt	To Drive	Math Classes	To Drive a Yellow Cab	Be Radio Announcer
Leroy Tench	Good-natured	Senorita	No. 304	To Travel	Stoke a Steamer Fire
Louise Tipton	Tiny	Music	At the Piano	To Grow	Be a Grass Widow
Rosa Townes	Little One-way	To Talk	Willcox Lake	To Reduce	Keep on Eating
Sadie Usher	Industrious	"Nepo"	Marshall Street	To Make Time	Be a Second Mrs. Rowland

June Class—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>Favorite Hang-Out</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Liabile to</i>
Kitty Watkins	Funny	Candy	"Y" Pool	To go to China	Be an Inmate at Williamsburg
Nannie Waymack	Tall	Cooking	Domestic Science Room	To Succeed Miss Gilliam	Dish-washer
Barbara Willcox	A Flapper	To Flirt	Dating	To Reform	To Perform
Martha Williams	Curious	Billy Beach	Lucy's	To Draw Well	Be Mrs. Beach
Elizabeth Willis	Smart	Mr. Miller	Archie's	To be Governor	Be a Chimney Sweep
Martha Zita	Gentle	Athletics	Home	To Please Mr. Freas	Housekeeper



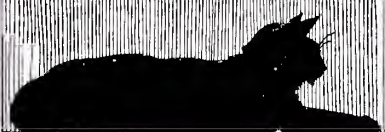
JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS



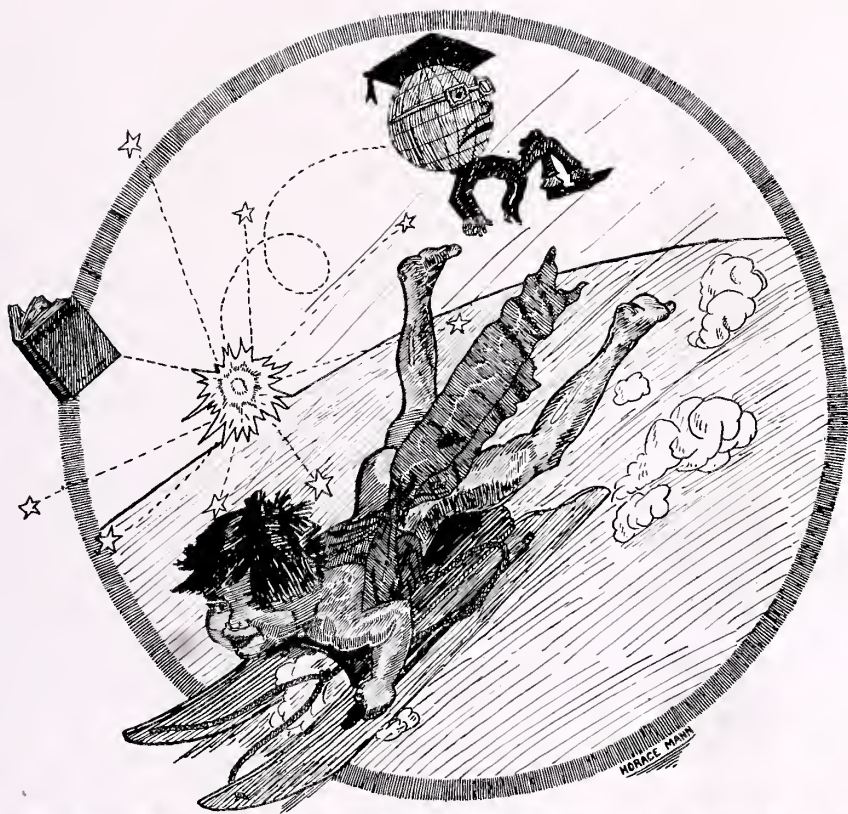
SOPHOMORES



LUM



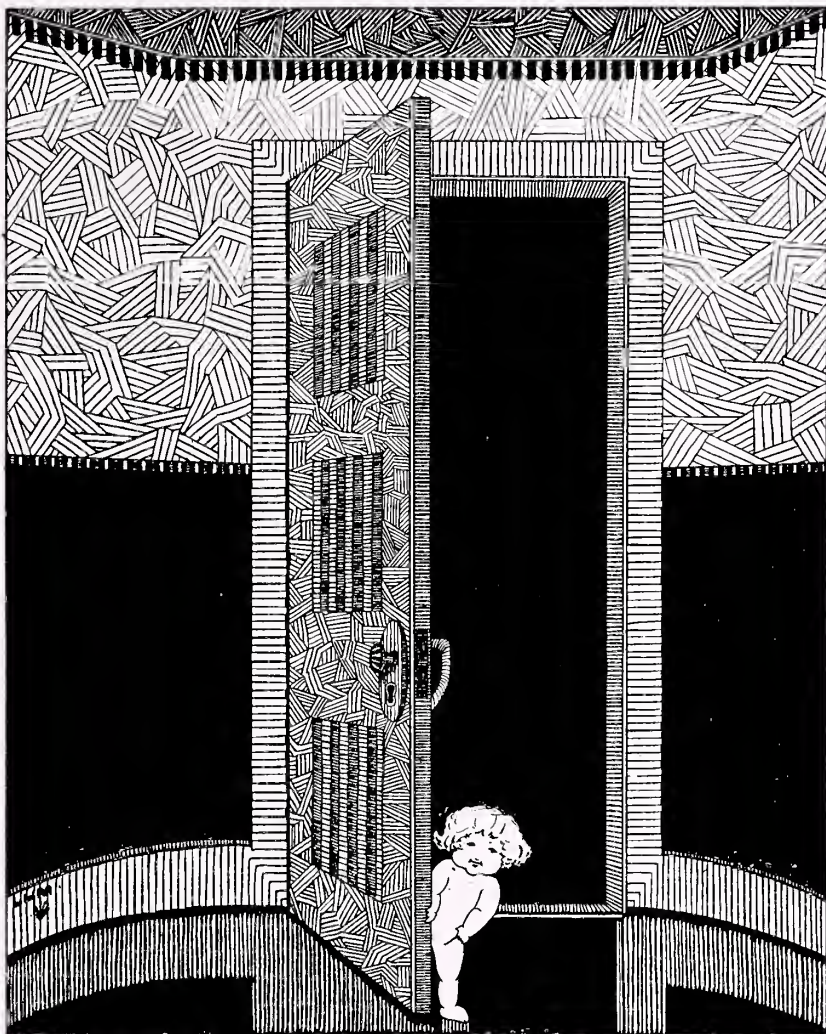
SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS



SEVENTH GRADE®



SEVENTH GRADE

Class Mtl.





Last Will and Testament



In the Name of God—Amen.

We, students of the Senior Class of the Petersburg High School, 1926, being of sound and disposing mind, do herewith make, ordain and publish this, our last will and testament, towit:

ITEM I

To Mr. H. D. Wolff, our principal, we bequeath one dictaphone to assist him in his endless writing of sick slips on Friday afternoons.

ITEM II

To our assistant principal, Mr. James G. Scott, we do accordingly bequeath one bottle of Sta-comb to keep his flowing locks, that are forever getting into his eyes, in their right place.

ITEM III

To our most brilliant English teacher, Mr. H. A. Miller, we do hereby leave one copy of "Mother Macree," being fully aware of his love for sentimental Irish songs.

ITEM IV

To Mr. Walter Stuart, our lovable Latin teacher, we bequeath the sum of 75 cents, said amount to be used for purchasing a Vergil Pony, so he will not have to struggle so hard in later years to get his translations correct.

ITEM V

To Miss Goodwin we leave one rattler and one horn, these to be used in amusing the dignified seniors in her seventh period Trigonometry class.

ITEM VI

To Mr. Howard Freas, our ever critical French teacher, we bequeath one cross-word puzzle book, this to be used



on his trips abroad this summer to divert his attention from the modern flappers aboard his ship.

ITEM VII

To Mr. Paul Pettit we do gladly bequeath one telescope, so that hereafter he may be able to see what those mischievous boys are doing in the back of his classroom.

ITEM VIII

To Miss Bettie Sweeney, our cafeteria manager, we bequeath one sharp knife, said knife to be used in cutting the meat for her soup, so that John Branch will not get it all every day.

ITEM IX

To Mr. Holmes, the sergeant of the Green Troupe, we leave one pop gun, to be used in administering discipline to the members of his troupe.

ITEM X

To Miss Guerrant we bequeath one package of mints, said mints to be placed in a box at the door of her classroom and given to each boy before he enters, in order that she may no longer have to smell that awful odor of cigarette smoke.

ITEM XI

For the benefit of music lovers of Petersburg, we bequeath to Mr. D. Pinckney Powers one mallet, so there will be no more danger of him injuring his talented hands when demanding order in class.

ITEM XII

Last but not least, we bequeath Mr. A. D. Joyner, our bashful coach, one football team, to repay him for his earnest efforts in former years.

Witnesseth, the hand and seal of the Senior Class of 1926, this 14th day of May, 1926.

(Signed) BENJ. G. SMITH.



ATHLETICS'



FOOTBALL TEAM



Boys' Basketball, 1925-26



SCORES:

P. H. S.	38	Dinwiddie	13
P. H. S.	38	McKenney	8
P. H. S.	54	Farmville	8
P. H. S.	25	John Marshall	35
P. H. S.	19	Newport News	23
P. H. S.	18	Portsmouth	19
P. H. S.	30	Hopewell	13
P. H. S.	31	Hampden-Sidney Freshmen...	25
P. H. S.	36	John Marshall	24
P. H. S.	17	Randolph-Macon Freshmen...	10
P. H. S.	38	Wm. Byrd Community House	13
P. H. S.	23	Central High (Washington)...	13

SOUTH ATLANTIC TOURNAMENT

(Washington & Lee University)

P. H. S.	21	Lane H. S. (Charlottesville)	13
P. H. S.	25	Augusta Military Academy...	18
P. H. S.	25	Oak Ridge Institute (N. C.)	32
Total.....		Opponents	267
438			

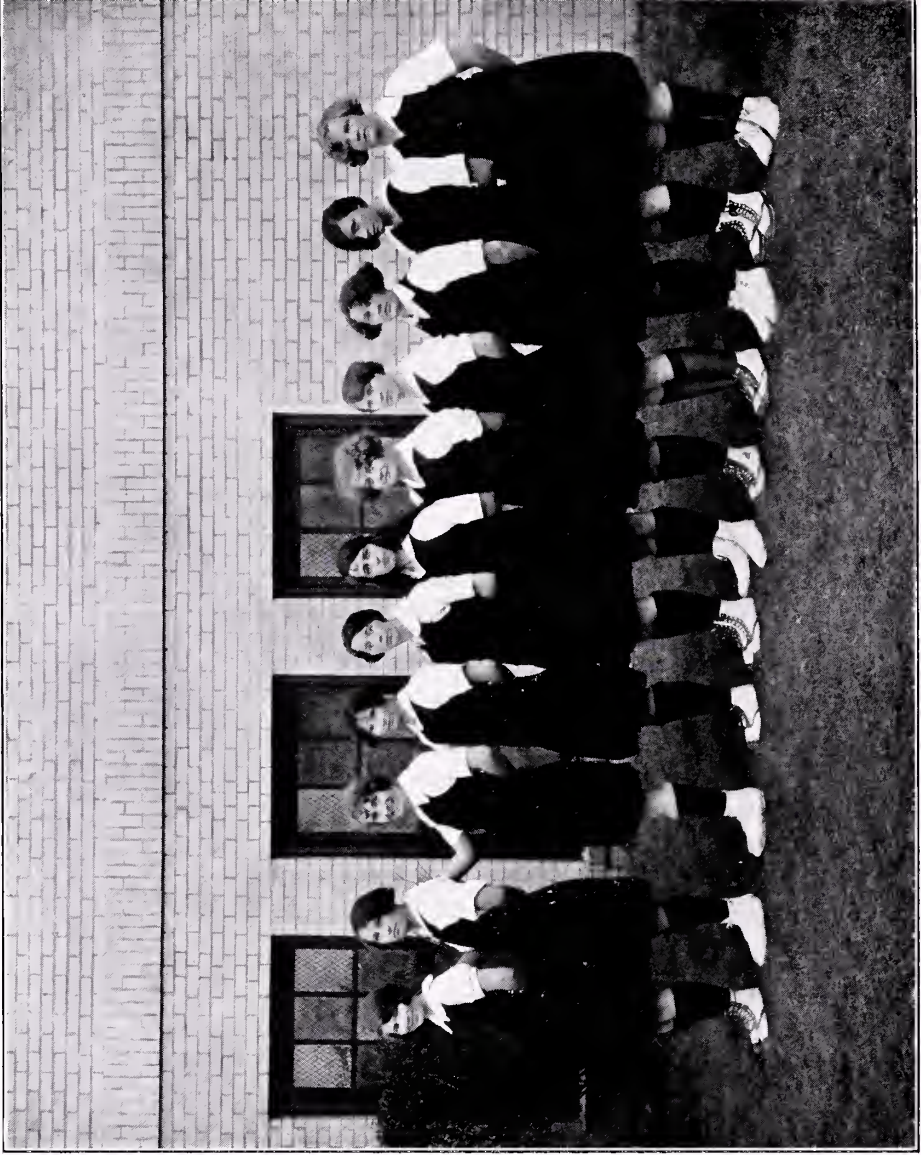


LETTER MEN:

J. Best, W. Andrews, forwards; Hawkins, center; A. Ramsey, R. Barnes, A. Fischer, guards.



A. D. Joyner	<i>Coach</i>
W. L. Andrews	<i>Manager</i>
R. M. Barnes	<i>Captain</i>



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD



Girls' Basketball, 1925-26



P. H. S.	34	Kenbridge	16
P. H. S.	29	Kenbridge	16
P. H. S.	15	Collegiate	29
P. H. S.	37	John Marshall	16
P. H. S.	31	St. Catherine	13
P. H. S.	42	Chester	2 ✓
P. H. S.	17	Dinwiddie	15
P. H. S.	21	Harrisonburg	8 ✓
P. H. S.	33	Dinwiddie	17
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	259	Opponents	132



TEAM:

A. Deffenbaugh, N. Major, M. Southall, S. Mitchell, K. Hennessey, M. Zitta, E. Jones, M. Rennie.



Miss Inez Wells *Coach*
K. Hennessey *Captain*
M. Southall *Manager*



BASEBALL SQUAD



Baseball Squad



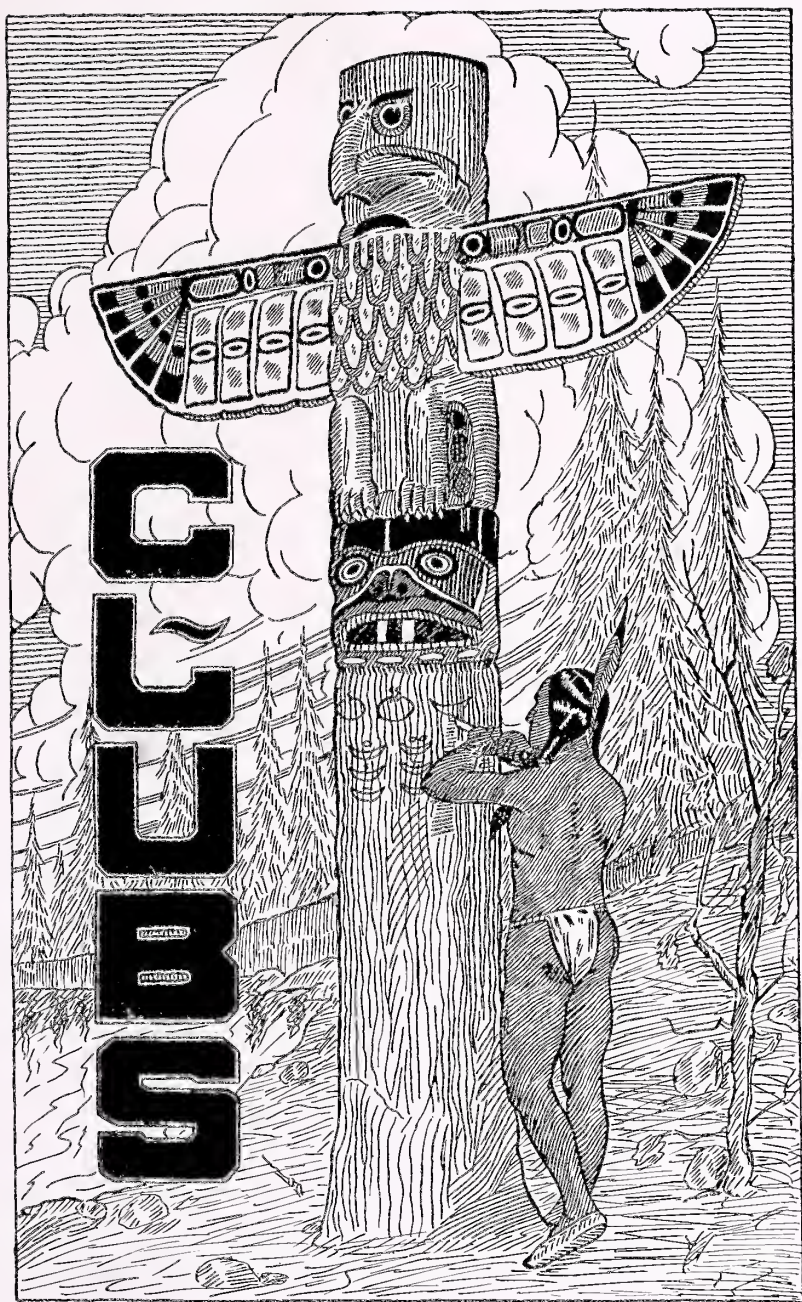
Malcolm Underwood
Elliott Jones
Warner Watkins
Allan Ramsey
Philip Baxter
Vose Tallman
Luden Inge
Gordon Wingfield

George Feild
Benj. Smith
John Ayers
Carter Myers
George Cameron
Joe Best
Lyle Tucker
Geo. Bowman

Lester Bowman



PUZZLE:—FIND THE SENIORS



-H. MANN-



Student Council



Officers

William Farinholt	President
Virginia Gilliam	Vice-President
Preston Hoy	Secretary

Members

Representative of

M. Wilcox	First Year
J. Cavanaugh	Second Year
I. Bernard	Third Year
W. Farinholt	Fourth Year
P. Hoy	4-L Civics Club
G. Feild	4-H Civics Club
V. Gilliam	Missile
W. Irvine	Hi-Y, Daniel Literary Society, Athletic Asso.
B. Carter	Junior Hi-Y
H. Seward	History Club



Faculty Advisers

Mr. H. D. Wolff

Mr. H. S. Holmes



Missile Staff



First Term

Virginia Gilliam	Editor-in-Chief
Mary E. Robertson	Associate Editor
Edward Wyatt	" "
Harriet Pope	" "
Mary F. Collier	" "
Charles Ridenour	Business Manager
Hatcher Nunnally	Asst. Business Manager
Lester Bowman	" "
Carter Myers	Circulation Manager
William Farinholt	Asst. Circulation Manager

Second Term

Arthur Dance	Editor-in-Chief
Mae McIvor	Associate Editor
William Grossman	" "
Edith Richardson	" "
Mary Bradsher	" "
George Feild	Business Manager
William Farinholt	Asst. Business Manager
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Mr. Melvin Maccoul _____ *Director*



LITERATURE



“Definitions”



Youth

A dream,
Of which only joy
Remains. A miniature
Of life in which predominates
The gold.

Joy

A girl,
Whose dancing feet
May tread on fairest path
Or roughest road or even on
One's heart.

Love

The best
Of man, that in
Which he is nearest to
The Father. 'Tis his handiwork
We love.

Despair

The end
It seems has come
Of all we had, and we
Cannot pick up the threads.
Despair.

Death

Oh! what
Are you? And what
Is it you bring? How quick
You come! We only know you are
An end.

Apology

Of course,
I, who have not
Lived any, can tell you
About it. Knowing nothing I
Know all.

—CHERIE BURGESS.



“November”



The trees stand bare 'gainst the cold, blue sky;
The wind moans low as it hurries by
And whispers shrill.
The dead, brown leaves are piling high
Beside the hill.

The flowers are dead, the birds have flown
And only I am left to moan
Gay summer's fate,
And by the fire must sit alone
Early and late.

Through deserted streets the wind blows cold
The sun is dim and like pale gold
It ghost-like shows.
An omen of winter bleak and bold
Is the blast that blows.

The days are short and gloomy and drear;
This is the evening of the year
When all decays
And winter comes; but spring is near
Nor long delays.

And, ere to summer I call, “Return,”
The days of winter cold and stern
Are past; and spring
Comes in with flower and fern
And robins sing.

--ELIZABETH FALCONER.



Professor Berlenbacher's Experiment



It is with the utmost horror that I look back upon my terrible experiences of the year 1916. I had always been afraid to take any strenuous exertions, because I knew my heart was not in a very good condition, but I could not get work, and when I foresaw the harrowing experiences that I must needs undergo after my last twenty dollar bill was gone, I was ready for anything, even murder, so I told myself. I stood life on that twenty dollar bill for a week, and one day I noticed a peculiar ad in the newspaper. It read:

WANTED—A young man of strong build and very good health, to undergo an extraordinary experiment. The nature of the experiment will be disclosed to the first satisfactory applicant. Apply 273 North Webster Avenue, any time after 10 p. m.

I knew Webster Avenue to be a very out-of-the-way, dark, dismal alley, but my needs were such that I decided to apply for the job.

I got on an overhead railway, and after about an hour's ride I came to my station. I was almost afraid to step from the train, the darkness was so intense. No light within sight, and no moon or stars overhead.

I made my way to Webster Avenue, which street I had never before visited at night. In order to find number 273 I had to go into the yards of several houses and look at the numbers on them. I finally arrived at a dark, gloomy-looking house, and it had such a forbidding look that I reviewed the ad in the paper. Why was I requested to call after 10 p. m.? Why so much mystery? What was the secret experiment that no one knew of? Why had I even thought of answering such an ad? I felt like turning from that mysterious house and going back to my well-lighted room.

I finally overcame the grey fear which held me in its grasp and entered the porch through a forest of overhanging vines. I knocked on the door, and after perhaps three minutes had passed, the door was opened slowly by a negro. He was one of the blackest and ugliest that I had ever seen.



His lips protruded, and his eyes and hair actually had the semblance of a sickly greenish color to my fear-stricken mind.

I showed him the paper with the ad in it and he, as if he had been given notice, led me into a narrow, unlighted room which I knew was the hall. From there he led me into a room furnished as a study. The walls were lined with shelves of closely-packed books. Scattered on the floor were open books and torn papers. In the middle of the room was a desk piled high with books and papers, beneath which one could barely see pens, pencils, and an ink well. Seated behind the desk was a man, and such a man. I shrank at the very sight of him, and trembled as his eyes rested on me. He was enormous, and had the largest head I had ever seen. His face was one mass of tangled hair, a beard that was dirty and unkempt. The top of his head was covered with such thick hair that one might place his hand upon it and the hand would sink beyond sight. His eyes, green and glittering, were fastened unmovingly upon me, and his arms were folded across his breast. In truth, he gave me the impression of an image, an idol, something unreal, unheard of. Then he spoke and his voice was like thunder, and his manner showed that he thought himself far superior to me.

"Sit down!"

I obeyed meekly. Then he resumed. "Did you ever hear of Professor Berlenbacher?"

"I have," I answered courteously.

"Well,—I am he," he said forcefully.

"What," I cried, "you that great German scientist and chemist. I am astounded."

"Well, let that rest. Now. I have requested someone to come here very mysteriously. You have applied. Well, perhaps you will be still more astounded when you learn this secret, the reason I wish someone. You will get the job. You will have to take it. You cannot escape after learning what I am to require of you. I have every door and every window watched. First, I will say this: If my experiment succeeds, you will receive one million dollars. If it fails, you lose everything; you will die. Now come this way."

He led me into another room which was much larger than the study. It was lined on all sides by rows of tightly-packed bottles. On a long work table running the length



of the right side of the room was a litter of chemical apparatus: retorts, generators and test tubes. In the middle of the room was an operating table.

Professor Berlenbacher led the way to the work table and pointing to a test tube half full of a reddish brown substance, he said:

"Smell that."

I did, and it had the vilest odor one can think of. The substance was peculiarly active, bubbles rising and falling on the surface, and in the dull glow of the single red light I could see that it was luminous. Then—

"That substance will revolutionize and destroy the world at one time; some country participating in this mighty World war will be willing to pay fifty million dollars for it. It is a substance known only to myself, and the formula lies on the table in my study from which you have just come. It is a substance that will actually do the impossible, the unheard of: it will restore human life."

"What!" I exclaimed. "But, sir, you must not know what you are speaking of. That is blasphemy. Restore human life? Why, man, that is impossible."

"Perhaps the rest of the world will think the same thing," he said with slow and measured words. "That is why I have brought you here. You shall prove it to an unbelieving public."

"Me?" I queried. "How shall I prove it?"

Then from behind me came the rustle of the curtain, and, turning, I saw that vile creature who had met me at the door, standing watch.

"Do you see that negro?" the Professor asked. "Well, he and ten others of his kind will force you to do that which I am about to propose if you do not act willingly. What you are to do is this: Over in the corner you will see a bottle of pure nicotine. You are to drink it. It will immediately kill you. Then after your heart stops beating I shall clear the poison from your system. Then I shall operate. I shall insert some of my wonderful lotion, and you will come to life again and receive your million and go on your way again. Will you do it?"

"Certainly not," I answered. "You are a maniac to expect such a thing."

I hardly got the words of refusal out of my mouth be-



fore I was pounced upon by two negroes and borne to the floor, tied up, and then set upright in a chair.

"Now perhaps you will drink the poison. Run and get it, Nebo. In the corner there," he cried excitedly.

They forced the vile burning liquid between my lips, and then I felt as if someone were turning me wrong side out. Oh, such pain! Now pins were pricking into my sides. Pain, pain, pain. I knew the poison was slowly working into my blood and killing me. Then I was paralyzed. Then my power of sight left me and then—all was blank in an instant. I was dead.

Suddenly I came back to life. My senses returned one by one. I found myself lying on the couch in the middle of what had been the laboratory. It looked now as if a tornado had hit it. There had been an explosion. It had torn everything to pieces. On the floor about fifteen feet away from me lay the Professor—mangled, torn to pieces. I arose slowly, feeling feeble from my late experience, and as I placed my left arm to brace myself, it gave way on me and I fell back. Then I noticed on my arm near the wrist a peculiar laceration. Then—

"Ah," I said. "The Professor had just finished the operation upon me when the explosion occurred and I, being dead, was not harmed."

Then, upon turning, I saw that the doorway to the study was in flames.

"The formula," I cried excitedly. "It will be burnt up and no one will benefit from this wonderful discovery."

I rushed for the door, but the flames were too much for me, and although I tried to enter many times, I could not. Thus perished the formula and the wonderful Professor Berlenbacher together.

"If I could only have gotten it," I said, dejectedly, as I saw the ruins of the building smouldering away.

—JACK GOODMAN.





“Crepe Myrtle”



Blooms of crepe myrtle in liquid moonlight
Dripping in a silvery fountain below;
Pink stars floating down through the yellow night
Blooms of crepe myrtle in liquid moonlight
Flattering the stillness—a floating flight
Settling softly on the water—so
Blooms of crepe myrtle in liquid moonlight
Dripping in a silvery fountain below.

—GRACE NUNNALLY.



Sea Hunger



I.

I'm sick of life in the city
Of the smoke, and noise and grime;
Give me the blue of the ocean wave
To cities any time.

II.

I wish I had a little boat
Where I know I can be free,
For I do not like the greyhounds—
Cities on the sea.

III.

I'd sail the Seven Seas,
And search for treasure rare;
I'd visit the mighty jungles,
And see the wild beast's lair.

IV.

So—ho mate! Hoist up the sails,
We are outward bound today
For Cape Horn, London, Paraguay,
China, or Bombay.

—FRANCIS TOMS.



Carpets



READ in a newspaper several weeks ago that a Persian rug was sold at Atlantic City for five thousand dollars. The story ran that almost a lifetime was spent in the making of the rug. The traditions and history of the maker's tribe were so interwoven in its fabrics and its soft coloring was so exquisite, that this was not considered a fabulous price.

All of us are not so fortunate as to be able to pay five thousand dollars for a carpet but there is not one of us who cannot see and walk on carpets, every day, which are much more beautiful than this, or any other carpet made by man. This statement may seem astounding at first, but what I mean is this: nature has given us the most lovely carpets in the world.

What is more exquisite than a rolling meadow, in the Spring-time? The entire earth is covered o'er with a green carpet, dotted here and there by softly colored violets, lovely dandelions, brilliant buttercups, and clover. What artist has ever mixed his colors to produce a green as beautiful as nature's grass, or a yellow as rich as the golden dandelion?

In summer forests, beneath the massive pine trees, pine tags are woven by nature's majestic hand into a richly colored brown carpet, and delicately tinted wild flowers sprout up here and there and become more beautified by the brown background. The sloping meadows, which extend down to the sides of the brook and seem to break off smoothly at its banks, are blended with the colors of many flowers scattered through a soft base of green. The fields of alfalfa blow to and fro with the wind, and the purple seems to move in artistic lines through the green.

In the Autumn I have heard thousands of people remark on the beauty of the colored leaves of the trees. Undoubtedly, the Autumn trees and the glory of their fall coloring present a beautiful picture; if, however, this picture



is closely studied and analyzed, it will be found that the most brilliant colors are not in the larger units—the trees—but in the small growths which form the carpet of the woods.

Then when the earth is bleak and bare, in the chill winter, nature again rises to the occasion and affords us the most beautiful carpet of all. She covers the hills and fields with snow. What artificial white can reach the majesty of snow? When the moon shines upon this crystal cover, it reflects every color of the rainbow and every jewel of the earth.

So it is that human beings have grown to appreciate cost more than value. The value of beauty in nature's carpets exceeds the value of the artificial beauty of this Persian carpet a thousand fold, and yet few stop to see it. Nature changes her carpet many times in a single year, and who can judge which is the most beautiful?

—WILLIAM IRVINE.





“Day and Night”



“As different as day and night,”
We’ve often heard people say,
But look for the beautiful in both.
The night as well as the day.

There’s not so much difference after all
Except for the sky so blue.
For all day long the sun shines bright,
But at night the stars peep through.

For rays of the sun make the long day bright,
And the grass and flowers grow,
But each tiny star gives a ray of light,
To brighten the world below.

The moon does all that it can to help
To drive the gloom away,
And the moon and stars together make
The night as lovely as day.

There’s not such a difference after all
When we think of the beauty there;
In making the old world beautiful
They both have an equal share.

—SADIE USHER.



Three Poems



Progress

The black
Tall smokestacks,
Like chiseled teeth
Tear at the purple sunsets,
Blotting out the flight of birds—
With belching smoke.

Yellow Haze

I.

I stood before
An idol—in Japan
Towering forty feet,
And reaching in my pocket
I held the crucifix—
In the palm of my hand.

Yellow Haze

II.

In a lavender house
Filled with teakwood;
And pale blue vases
Rippling snow white rice,
There is a hand-wrought Buddha—
Made of burnished bronze.

—POWELL LUM.

Reconstruction.



BILL DAWSON, the repair man, rode forward to the edge of Hollow Canyon, five hundred feet below, a yellow mass of foam, marked Hollow River, rippling under the wrecked bridge. To the east lay the forest, while up from the western horizon rose the blue peaks of the Rockies. The broken nails told their own story, one hanging over the edge of the precipice, the other snapped short. Back of the main line the work engine was preparing for its task.

The Fiber was viewing the disaster. Tall and big-boned, he looked what he was — a product of the outdoors. His khaki shirt was open at the neck, and even his high cut Stetson had lost its original color. His face was a wise, compassionate, kind face.

Now, as he sat gazing into the canyon when only a day before had been swept away a half million dollar structure, a gray smile came on his face. Perhaps he was thinking that it had happened for the best. All his life had been spent in repainting bridges and trestles, and fighting the enemies of the bridges.

Adjusting his field glasses, Bill examined the wreckage — at the bottom of the canyon — twisted girders, steel rails and heaps of sandstone. He saw where the sandstone had crumbled, sending the bridge hurling to utter destruction. There he saw he could profit by the other fellow's mistake. His new bridge would rest on concrete piers.

After his inspection, Bill rode slowly back toward the wrecking train. Already his plows were in his mind, and tomorrow he would try them out. The camp was very still in the clear, pure air, which characterizes a night in the Rockies. From the South came the mournful howl of a coyote; from the East the morn began slowly rising.

At about 9 o'clock he heard somebody dismounting out-



side his tent, and the next moment a woman's voice asked, "Is the Repair Man here?"

The light from the moon plainly revealed a girl in riding clothes, a slim figure.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I'm the Repair Man." He invited her into his tent, gave her his only chair, and asked her what she came for.

Bill was not that type of man that sought women's company, yet as he glanced at her, he experienced a thrill of pleasure. She was pretty, with the beauty of the out-of-doors. Her face appeared alive by the pale light of the moon. He admired her at once.

"So you are the man who is going to rebuild Hallow Canyon bridge?"

"Yes, ma'am, as quickly as possible."

She hesitated a moment as if to think of something to say. "I'm Nellie Holmes. My father owns a ranch north of here. I have often heard about you, and I thought perhaps you could—could help me."

"I'll do anything in my power to aid you, ma'am," he said quietly.

She looked up into his weather-beaten face. "Do you need a foreman, Mr. Dawson? Could you use a man to help build the bridge?"

He filled his pipe before replying. "Are you speaking of yourself?"

She laughed slightly, with an embarrassing attitude. "I—I'm asking for a friend."

"Why doesn't he come and ask for himself?" he asked.

She spoke in a different tone of voice. "He will come—tomorrow. He doesn't know I'm here now. I've heard that you have the reputation of making something out of people. I want you to help him. He changes so much—won't stick to one thing. A second Coleridge, so to speak. Perhaps you can repair him as well as the bridge."



"So you love him?" he asked.

"No!" she answered. "I might if he had any ambition and would at least stick to anything. Will you give him a chance?"

"Yes," answered Bill. "Send him around."

After she had gone, he suffered loneliness for the first time. The howl of the coyote was no longer friendly.

The next day the crew started to work at daybreak. As morning looked down on the golden canyon, it saw a crew of men attacking the twisted girders, and fastening them to the wrecking cranes, which had been run to the very edge of the cliff. A dozen teams hauled supplies to the crew. Here Raymond Conrad found Bill smoking his pipe and supervising the work.

"My name's Raymond Conrod, Mr. Dawson," he said. "I need a job."

Bill nodded.

"Do you think you can use me?"

"Yes, I can use you, but I advise you not to take it. It's mighty dangerous and er—"

"I'm not looking for an easy job," Conrad interrupted. "I need money."

"Come around tonight, young fellow," Bill said. "We'll talk it over."

That evening, as they sat near the tent door, the repair man looked toward the scene of destruction. "Looks like a useless proposition, doesn't it? Run a few trains over it, and the thing falls through. Of course, some of us are not working for the job's sake as much as for the money that's in it. Conrad, you ought to save your money so when the right girl comes along you can marry her."

"She came!" the other said. "But I'm through with women. I couldn't get enough money. Ever since I was a baby I've had the wanderlust. Couldn't stay in one place. I've tried many ways to make a living, but something happens and I quit."



"Then why take a job with me?" asked Bill.

"Because I'm going to make good," he replied.

"You're hired—on one condition—that you will stay until the bridge is completed."

Bill placed Raymond in charge of the wrecking crew across the canyon, after discovering that his new man was a very efficient engineer.

Nellie would come over from her father's ranch and spend a part of each day watching the progress of the bridge. Bill often mentioned Raymond's name and hinted how well he was holding down his job.

Raymond still loved Nellie (in his heart) and often he made the trip across the canyon to see her.

One day Bill received a hurried call to the canyon. One of the five-ton girders had broken the chain, and was hanging over the canyon by the guy ropes. As Dawson reached the cliff, he saw the trouble. A huge girder, one used to span the canyon, had broken from the crane. Beneath it were the cement forms. The only possible chance was in lowering a man by cable to hook on a chain before the guy ropes broke.

Bill looked down and saw a figure already climbing down a rope to the chasm. It was Raymond. Immediately Bill Dawson grabbed the rope, and went down behind him. Now only a few strands of rope held the steel. He landed beside Conrad and they succeeded in fastening the cables to the girder. Bill waved his hand to the crew above. The little engine puffed, and brought the structure once more to solid earth. Dawson and Conrad rode back to camp on their comrades' shoulders.

One day the Repair Man stood in his tent and gazed about. Everything was different now. The cranes, work cars, and cement mixers were gone, and the engineer was ready to face the scene of his next battle. A locomotive rushed by, closely followed by Nellie, who had come to say good-bye.



As she reached him, she said, "Don't you think this is a wonderful feat you've completed?"

Bill nodded. "I reckon so. You weren't wrong when you sized Raymond up for a man," he continued slowly. "Maybe you didn't hear about him." Then the engineer told her what had happened a few days before.

"But look what you did," she said. "You were a thousand times more heroic. Raymond was brave—but you were—oh, you know what I think of you."

Raymond had left the preceding morning, and Nellie had received a letter, part of which read: . . . "you only loved trying to help me. I hope you can find a man you love as he is, without reconstructing him.

Raymond."



"I suppose you want to know my answer," she said. Without waiting for an answer, she said, "I told him that I have found the other man—they call him the Repair Man."

—BERRY MOORE.



"The Sunset"



When Apollo with his fiery steeds,
Draws to the end of his journey bright,
And sinking over the borderland
Floods the earth in reflected light.

Fringing the silver clouds with gold,
Bathing the earth in a misty rose,
The blue attains a purple hue,
And the world rests in a calm repose.

And in its dying rays we see,
The greatest glory of the sun.
As the glory of a great man's work,
Comes when his life is done.

—MARY BRADSHER.



"Dawn"



The dawn woke the world with her pearls of dew,
And called earth's playmates their song to renew.
Each silver-tongued bird, each waterfall bright
Awoke at her call with a gay delight.
As a herald for the rising sun, she came
Preparing the way for the sparkling dame.
The flowers in her diamond drops arrayed
Showed their rainbow forms to the sun delayed.

FRANCES DODD.



SCHOOL SONG

Words by
H. AUGUSTUS MILLER Jr.
Head of English Dept. P. H. S.

Music by
MELVIN MACCOUL
Music Dir. P. H. S.

Marcia

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note, followed by eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a final chord marked with an accent (>).

VOICE

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in a soprano range, with lyrics: "Oh! down in sun - ny Dix - ie - land where the pine trees wave at the Oh! all the day in Dix - ie - land we sing our prais - es and". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "sky, — And the goo - bers grow and the soft winds blow as the love, — And all night long the mock - ing birds song tells". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody and bass line.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "clouds 'come sail - ing by, — There's a town that's known as to the moon a bove, — There's a town that's known as". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody and bass line.

Roulette



goo - ber town And a school you must con - fess — Is the
goo - ber town And a school you must con - fess — Is the

fin - est rar - est jol - li - est squar - est P. H. S. —
fin - est rar - est jol - li - est squar - est P. H. S. —

CHORUS

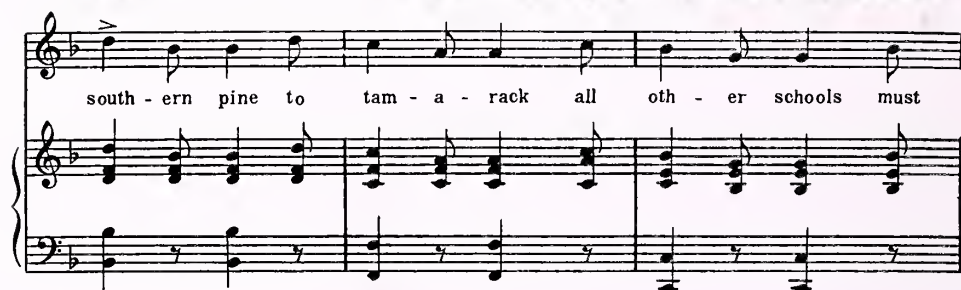
Oh! P. H. S. dear P. H. S. We sing it loud and clear, — For

P. H. S. our P. H. S. We raise a migh - ty cheer, Rah! Rah! From



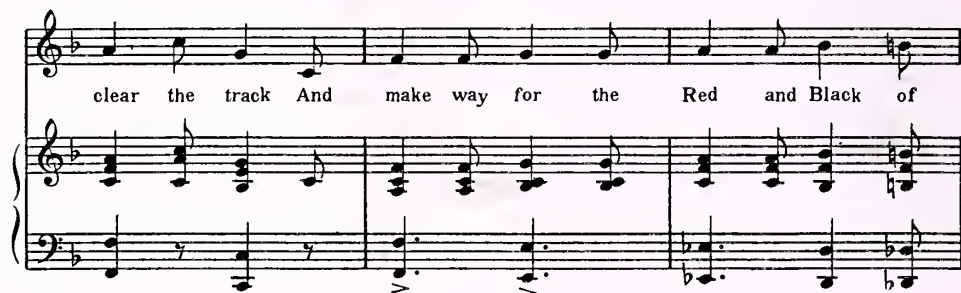
Rockette

south - ern pine to tam - a - rack all oth - er schools must



The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'south - ern pine to tam - a - rack all oth - er schools must'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and single notes.

clear the track And make way for the Red and Black of



The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'clear the track And make way for the Red and Black of'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

Pet - ers - burg Pet - ers - burg Pet - ers - burg



The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics 'Pet - ers - burg Pet - ers - burg Pet - ers - burg'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

H. S. Oh! S.



The fourth system features the vocal line with the lyrics 'H. S. Oh! S.'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.



RIB WRINKLERS



Foreword



TUT'S TOMB,
EGYPT, 1926 A. D.

To Whom It May Concern:

To write jokes is no easy task for the writer. It goes even harder on the reader. The fact is that the writer is the only one that can see the point. Besides that, there's somebody who "has always heard that stale stuff before," and there you are. If you don't like these jokes, don't read them, and if the joke's on you, don't get mad about it, but laugh it off, for it's only a joke after all. If you don't get the point, go sit on a tack.

Yours,

KING TUT, The Joking Nut.



P. S.—This is not the Virginia Reel under disguise. If you think the jokes are dirty, give them a bath.

So's Yer Ole Man.



MR. MILLER AND MR. SCOTT

—o—

Mr. Miller told our English class to write a story dealing with atmosphere as found in nature. Some wit, who prefers to keep his name anonymous, handed in the following "short" story:

Four animals went to a circus—a pig, a frog, a duck, and a skunk. All obtained admission except one. The pig had four quarters, the frog had a greenback, and the duck had a bill, but the poor skunk only had a (s) cent, and that was a bad one.

—o—

Miss Guerrant (asking questions about the Indian reservation): "Do the Indians have any social groups?"

Bill Hackins: "Certainly, haven't you ever heard of the Indian Clubs?"

—o—

Berry Moore: "Why does your gal always write to you with green ink?"

Charlie Ridenour: "That's just a little hint as to how jealous she is."



“A Matter of Taste”



“The cities are wrong,” the artist cried,
“In them the essence of truth has died;
In making money men lose their love
For beauty in nature and things above.”

“The country’s the place where nature gains
The applause the city man disdains,
Those simple men unlearned in school,
Can study beauty when eve is cool.”

Forthwith to the country the artist went;
To study the farmers was his intent,
To get their reactions to nature’s lore,—
Why hadn’t he thought of this before?

That day at sunset he chanced to meet—
A laborer walking on tired feet,
Homeward toward the setting sun—
The artist stopped him, and thus begun,

“Have you noticed the sun on that beautiful bank
Of colorful clouds piled rank on rank
With its rays the color of ripening grain?”
“Yes,” drawled the farmer, “that means rain.”

—VIRGINIA GILLIAM.



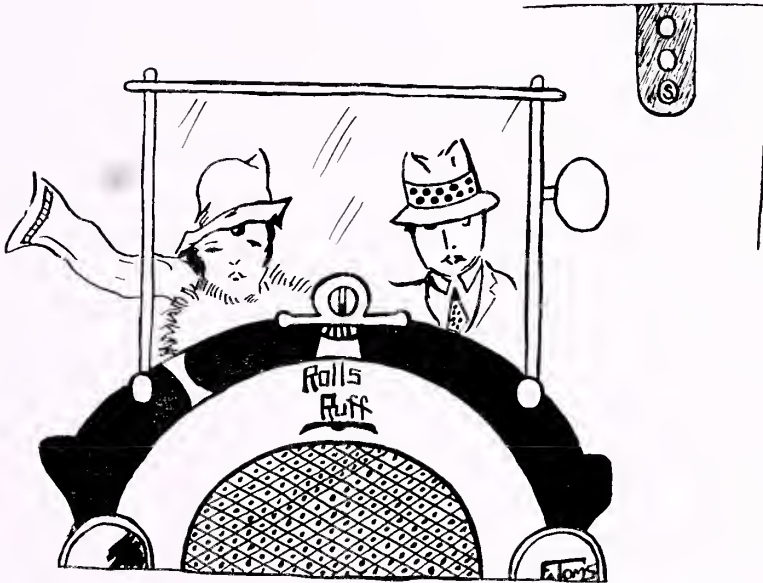
After studying Shakespeare's works for three years, most of us have learned many quotations from time to time. We print below a list of the most important ones that are very familiar:

Exeunt	Retiring	Avaunt
Aside	Drinks	Grasping his sword
Enter, the fool	Noise	Thunder and lightning
Go to, villain	Within	Exit
Curtain		Flourish, and shout



RADIO HINTS

To get Chile—open the window.
 To get China—put a cup on your set.
 To get Hot Springs—build a fire under the bed.
 To get Static—just listen in, any time.



Virginia Gilliam: "Where did you and Robert go yesterday?"

Doris Steere: "It was a beautiful place, but the roads were rough. I think the place was called 'Detour'."

Christmas Committees



—o—

HISTORICAL EVENTS

(The Framing of the Constitution)

Our dear old government's crooked—
 The reason it is so named
 Is because it's based on the Constitution,
 And even that is framed.

—o—

A student had just said, "I ain't going," and Mr. Miller immediately corrected him.

Mr. Miller: "That is no way for a Senior to talk. Listen: I am not going, thou are not going, he is not going, we are not going, you are not going, they are not going. Do you get the idea?"

Stude: "Yes, sir—there ain't nobody going."



“The Green Troupe”



Of course you’ve heard of the Green Troupe,
And well known it should be,
For it’s composed of eight school boys,
And one of the faculty.

Now “Ducky” Holmes, he heads the list,
For he is Sargeant grand,
And then comes “Billy” Irvine next—
The Corporal of the band.

The Royal Hornblower is the place
“Big Hawk” will always take,
And then “His Lordship’s” Engineer
Is what “Nepo” will make.

Now for the Royal Color-bearer
“Shorty” Branch is there,
And for the Royal Quartermaster—
“Doug” Myers, the boy so rare.

Sometimes we often wonder too,
Just what they were about
When they appointed ole “Runt” Young,
As “His Majesty’s” Scout.

And now we come to the Chief Cook
Who has to prepare the meal;
Now, who could better fill this place,
Than our friend—“Woo-Bock” Feild.

Last (but not least) the members come,
Of which there’s only one,
And “Chucker” Carter holds this place,
Buck-private with the gun.

—LUCY PILCHER.



SERGEANTS OF THE GREEN TROUPE

The modern "Coats of Many Colors" are the girls' slickers. Every P. H. S. girl has one, and not a darn one can be found that has the same color as another.

—o—

Think of it—there were 999,999 All-American football teams chosen last year, and not a one of the High School squad even got honorable mention on any one of the teams. Fellow students, we demand our rights.

—o—

Martha Lanier: "Did you have a good time last night?"

Barbara Willcox: "Rotten—I was bored to death. He was one of those poor football players."

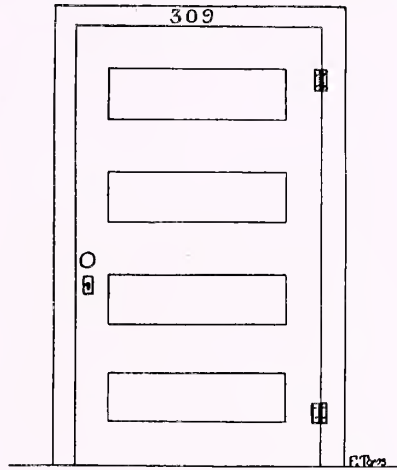
Martha L.: "Howso?"

Barbara W.: "Well, he counted too much on his line to put him across."

—o—

Mr. Miller: "What do you know about Browning's works?"

Virginia Spain: "Nothing, sir—what does he manufacture?"



"There's Mr. Holmes, our Chemistry teacher, coming out of 'lab.' He likes girls, but he's so bashful he acts like litmus paper."

"Howzat?"

"Why, when he's with a girl he turns red and when he's alone he gets blue."

—o—

Conductor (on trolley bus): "Lady, you wanted to get off at Washington Street, and this is East Tabb."

"*Lizzie*" *Thomas*: "Young man, you're going too far with me."

—o—

Punctuation is a necessity in some cases—

"Don't you ever kiss me again."!!!

"I'm sorry—I will stop immediately."

"Don't you ever! Kiss me again."

—o—

Here's a good one—it may get you a little twisted:

Curiosity killed the cat.

—o—

Mr. Miller: "Compare ill."

Oliver Downing: "Ill, iller, dead."



The King of Hearts

Act. I. The King, after a slow deal, won the Queen's heart. He gave her two diamonds, which cost a lot of jack. The two became a great pair.

Act. II. The King stayed out late one night, and when he breezed in at four he got the deuce. The Queen, now full of eight, grabbed a club from a tray. The King, however, being an "ace" at thinking, eight a big supper.

Act III. The King failed to win, so he resorted to trumps. He gave the Queen seven tens, and bid her quit her tricks. This set him back a great deal, so he made a grand slam by kissing her.

CURTAIN

(The undertaker was sorry, for no spades were needed)

The game above is suggested as a substitute for that perplexing one in "The Rape of the Lock" that Mr. Miller has to play every term.

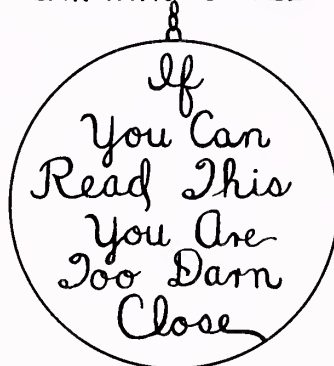
—o—

Linda Malone: "I didn't know that Mr. Scott was married."

Margaret Cousins: "Nor did I think you were so dumb."

Linda Malone: "Well, this book says that he is a Bachelor of Arts."

EAR-RING STYLES



— IF NECKING GETS TOO
POPULAR



OUR CHARLESTON EXPERTS

—o—

Miss Cole: "Come to the front, Mr. Bowman."

Lester Bowman: "Certainly—anything to be near to you."

—o—

Mr. Scott: "Can you prove to the class that the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides?"

Preston Hoy: "No sir—I take it for granted."

—o—

Martha Williams: "Are you going to the Fair today?"

Rosa Townes: "Why no—I didn't know one was here. What's the name of it?"

Martha Williams: "Dunno—the Progress says—'Fair here today.'"

—o—

Mr. Holmes (entering 309 unawares): "What was that noise I just heard—it sounded like the rolling of bones?"

Runt Young (innocently): "I cannot tell a lie, I was only shaking hands with the skeleton."



“T. N. T.”



(THOMAS NEVER THOUGHT)



“Please mix potassium chlorate
With charcoal very black,
But leave red phosphorus alone
Or—you might not come back.”

Mr. Weaver told us this
In chemistry—long ago,
But one boy didn’t heed his advice,—
The truth he wanted to know.

This boy was Thomas Harding
The philosopher, you know.
“I wonder what would happen if
I mixed that stuff—just so.”

So T. Harding, the Submarine,
Mixed this T. N. T.
Boom!!—Bam!!—in two second’s time
“Up in the air” was he.

After several minutes, then
Of sailing all around,
With his big pants as a parachute
He landed on the ground.

Now all take heed to this advice
“Be careful what you mix,”
And don’t experiment in a lab.
With a lot of foolish tricks.



Mr. Stuart (after translating Latin): "Now what is the case of 'Hades'?"

Andrew Shapiro: "Ablative—place under which."

—o—

Elise Brown: "They used to call my Ford the 'Hesperus.'"

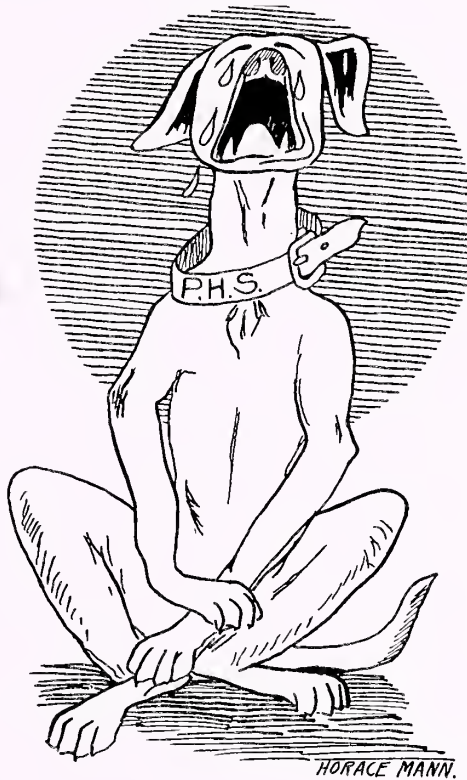
Mary Bradsher: "Really!"

E. B.: "Yes—it was a wreck."

—o—

Charles Barksdale: "Going off to school?"

Jack Goodman: "Yes, I think I'll go to that Electoral College that Miss Guerrant talks so much about."





CHIEF COOK

—o—

FAREWELL OF A BUSTED TIRE

Old car, my life's last lap is run,
 My days of tacks and bumps are o'er—
 My tube went blooey like a gun,
 And made the driver's temper soar.

Old wheel, I say to you—good-bye.
 I'll sure remember your good turns
 When in the world's junk pile I lie,
 And Sol's white rays my fabric burns.

Old man, you've said your last bad word.
 I did rejoice to see you frown
 When I blew out—I knew you heard
 The air go out as I went down.

—ARTHUR DANCE.



Mr. Miller (in 4H English): "Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge belonged to the Romantic school."

Mary F. Collier: "How wonderful—that must be the place where they teach you how to make love."

—o—

Harriet Pope: "I read in 'Dauber' that the crew once went three thousand miles on a Spanish galleon."

Hatcher Nunnally: "Forget it—I never did take much interest in those foreign cars."

—o—

Our idea of a dumb student is one that thinks a golden report is fourteen karat. Poor thing, he's never gotten one to know.

—o—

Mr. Miller: "Mr. Toms, where do you get your jokes?"

Francis Toms: "Why, out of the air, so to speak."

Mr. Miller: "Well, I suggest that you get some fresh air."
And so say we all of us.

—o—

A RIDDLE

The—What part of a fish is like the end of a book.

End—THE FIN-IS.

—o—

UTOPIA II.

(*There Ain't No Sech Place!*)

Do you know of a place where the sky stays blue,
Where the flowers are always in bloom—

Where the trees are all green,

And there never is seen

The slightest sign of a tomb?

Do you know of a place where the birds fly low,
And they all seem friendly to you?

Where the brook rushes by,

Without murmur or sigh,

Where no income tax is due?

—WALTER DODGE.



SERENADERS OF No. 315

—o—

THE LATEST SONG HIT

I was All Alone, One June Night, for I had just returned from Manhattan. Along Came Love and Struck Me Deep in My Heart. I was soon yearning for a date, so I called up Cecelia. "Honey, I'm in Love With You," I said, "and I have No time to waste, so Let Me Call You Sweetheart, and Say, Can I See You Tonight, midst Moonlight and Roses?"

"Honest and Truly," she said, "If You Hadn't Gone Away, but I Had Someone Else Before I Had You."

"No Wonder My Sweetie Turned Me Down," I exclaimed in disgust, "for She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart, Cheatin' on Me."

I had Another Red Hot Mama, though, who was a Footloose Collegiate who surely could Charleston. I got my date, and we were soon Steppin' in Society. We danced 'Till the Midnight Waltz. It was Love at First Sight, and she soon said "yes." At Three O'clock in the Morning, I had to Flag That Train, and we were soon Alabama Bound on the Honeymoon Special. I started to sing Everything Is Hotsy-Totsy now, but if there are Cross Words, I'll soon have to sing "The Prisoner's Song."

William Farinholt: "I like to hear that man talk to us in assembly
—somehow he brings things home to me that I have never seen before."
William Field: "That's nothing—so does the laundry."

—o—

Miss Guerrant: "What do you know about Sheik Abl-del-Krim?"
Robert Morris: "It's hard to say."

—o—

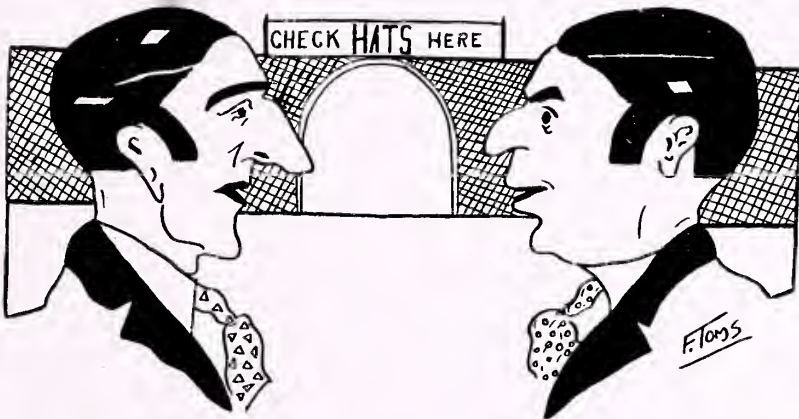
Lena L.: "Why are your feet so wet?"
Selma L.: "Oh—I wore my pumps to school."

—o—

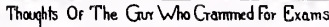
CONDUCT HALL

While sitting in the Conduct Hall,
I often wonder what to do,
And though my thoughts are very small—
While sitting in the Conduct Hall;
I should like to be playing ball,
Or doing something that is new.
While sitting in the Conduct Hall,
I often wonder what to do.

—BEN SMITH.



"Why is Ben Smith going to open a bird store?"
"So he can have 'Polly' near him all the time."



A. D.: "Er—very few."

Powell Lum: "He likes his comb so much that he refuses to part with it."

Mr. Stuart: "I know, but neither are you the Siamese Twins."

Whit Cotton: "Because it's attached to a dry-cell."

Grace Nunnally: "Have you 'A Pair of Blue Eyes'?"

Miss Riddle: "No, but won't grey ones do as well?"

—o—

"No man can serve two masters," said the man as he was convicted of bigamy.

—o—

Teacher (in moment of disgust): "Is there anything at all that you are sure of?"

Dumb Stude: "I'm sure I don't know."



"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER"

— BY EDDIE GUEST —

Thomas Harding: "Darn the luck, I can't get into these shoes."
"Snakey" Fisher: "What—feet swelled too?"

—o—

Mr. Holmes (in 4L Physics): "Now, Mr. Jolliff, tell the class what Archimedes found when he jumped up in his tub, and shouted, 'Eureka, I have found it.'"

Joe Jolliff: "Er—he must have found out how to stop the water."

—o—

EPITAPHS FOR EXAMS

I studied hard for this exam (???????)
 And on it—hard I tried,
 So when you correct it—please
 "Let your conscience be your guide."



GLEE CLUB



WHAT would happen if—



Wilbur Andrews wrote up all his Physics experiments on time?

Mary Brown Allgood wasn't trying to boss somebody?

Lester Bowman didn't try to be funny?

Mabel Brockwell knew her shorthand?

Lucy Boswell wasn't red-headed?

Minnie Crafton missed her bookkeeping?

Mary Fisher Collier wasn't funny?

Margaret Cousins didn't smile all the time?

Charles Curtice didn't have a pocket full of gum?

Oliver Downing didn't look sleepy?

Frances Dodd wasn't skinny?

Anne Douthat taught music at V. N. I. I.?

Anne Deffenbaugh stopped talking?

Elizabeth Falconer became a second Eddie Guest?

Anthony Fisher was in a hurry?

Eulice Franklin didn't know his Spanish?

Virginia Gilliam became a movie vampire?

Thomas Harding didn't blush in Trig. class?

Florence Harrison kept away from "the" barber shop?

Robert Harwell flunked a test?

Mary Frances Hatchett stopped teasing Linda Baloney?

Joe Jolliff shaved every day?

Elizabeth Lanier wasn't lazy?

Lena Lavenstein was a midget in Barnum and Bailey's?

Selma Lavenstein missed her Latin?

Linda Malone became a primadonna?

Mary Mann stopped talking?

Hatcher Nunnally didn't argue with Miss Wilkie?

Harriet Pope got less than a hundred on English?

Helen Rahily became a snake charmer?

Charles Ridenour wasn't desperately in love?

Ben Smith wasn't looking for Polly?

Sara Bell Smith stopped talking about "Wise"?

Doris Steere wasn't talking to Robert?

Iris Stone turned into an emerald?

Virginia Spain didn't dream in English?

Andrew Shapiro acted sanely in Latin class?

Frances Toms didn't talk about a test?

Elizabeth Thomas came to school on time?

THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!



Can You Imagine—



Mary Bradsher not trying to be funny?
Marie Bowman not thinking about "Perk"?
Charles Barksdale being "Sued" in love court?
John Barrett wearing Oxford Bags?
Elise Brown having any sense?
Cherie Burgess getting to school on time?
Patrick Butler being a giant?
Whit Cotten being a dwarf?
Fred Cole being a golf star?
Mary Cheeley not acting like a mouse?
Sherwood Churn playing his drums right?
Arthur Dance being editor of "Colored Dots"?
Wilbur Dishman being a man of the world?
Susie Elmore knowing her English?
Archie Fowlkes being dumb?
William Feild not aggravating Mr. Stuart?
William Farinholt having a date?
John Franklin not getting a Golden?
Jack Goodman as the successor to Bret Harte?
Virginia Griffin being an author of love stories?
Preston Hoy not talking to Irene?
Marian Holt leading the Salvation Army?
William Hawkins keeping away from City Point?
William Irvine not being a president?
Elliot Jones shooting a turkey?
Martha Lanier not being with Barbara?
Powell Lum in love?
Milton Moore being a heart-breaker?
Robert Morris being a sheik?
Ethel Mize not talking?
Audrey Matthews not being fat?
Grace Nunnally not getting a letter from New Orleans?
Lucy Pilcher without freckles?
Dorothy Partridge marrying a man named Parrot?
Janie Ruffin not being old fashioned?
Mary Robertson not being popular?
Sidney Smith living in town?
Alice Severs looking blue?
Gertrude Sheffield being a ballet dancer?
Bradley Stafford being six feet ten?



Thelma Simonson reading her shorthand correctly?
 Mildred Southall not shooting ten goals every game?
 Rosa Townes answering a question in Civics?
 Leroy Tench not being quiet?
 Louise Tipton not in a hurry?
 Sadie Usher not talking to Miss Guerrant?
 Nannie Waymack not playing a uke?
 Katie Watkins being Toothless II?
 Martha Williams chasing William Irvine with a rolling
 pin?
 Barbara Willcox not begging chewing gum?
 Elizabeth Willis being lazy?
 Martha Zitta not playing basketball?
 CAN YOU?—WE CAN'T.



THE MISSING LINK



The Green Trooper

This Album of Song is Published in the interest of those who will never be able to read

No. 6 K?!P

Petersburg High School, July, 1491

Vol. 99999999

Published by the Order of The Green Troop, P. H. S. once in a lifetime, in conjunction with the *School Weekly News*, P. H. S. Delivered anywhere in the world except to Constantinople and Hopewell. Subscription price \$6,000,000,000 per copy. By the year \$000,000,000,000,001. Entered as 99th Class matter at the Post Office of Chezo-Slovakia, X. W.

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Bill Board.....Asst. Editor
Dan Druff.....Asst. Editor
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Buster Bach....Special Article
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Hallie Tosis.....Writer
G. Howitz Hurtz.....Writer
I. Rollmy Hoyse.....Writer
I. Will Kneck.....Writer
I. Wanta Knowe.....Writer

POET'S CORNER

Under the spreading black-smith's knee,
The Village Chestnut Stands;
The Nut, a crazy man is he,
For he eats naught but cans.

SOCIETY

Lizzie Ford had a rattling good party last week. Quite a noisy crowd was present.

SPORTS

P. H. S. defeats strong Tidely-Winks team from our metropolitan City of Hopewell, by a score of 999 to 9. Wonderful coaching by Mr. Joyner, who received his training in boyhood, was a great factor in the victory.

The line-up as follows:—
P. H. S. Hopewell
Vest.....P. D. Q.....Coat
Fishing...A. B. C.....Walking
Harnes....X. Y. Z.....House
Randers...L. M. N.....Street
Referee...Fountain (Penn)
Umpire.....Iron ((Ore))

QUESTION BOX

Q. Where did the term "So's yer old man" originate?
C.A.T.

A. It originated in the following way: A flapper at college wrote home for some money, saying she was financially embarrassed. To which she got the reply "So's yer old man."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies' skirts will not be any shorter this year—they can't.

JOKES

Private Pat: General, my arm has been shot off.

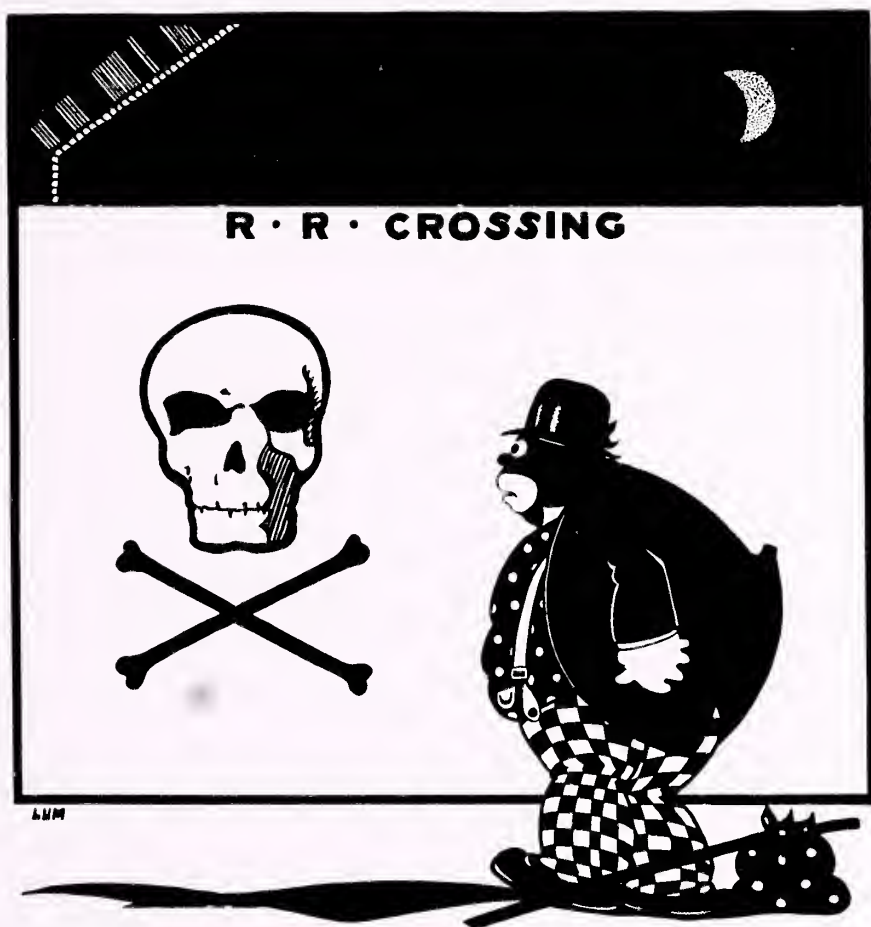
General: Stop complaining; there's Private Mike over there with his head shot off and he hasn't said a word all day.

FACTORY STUDY

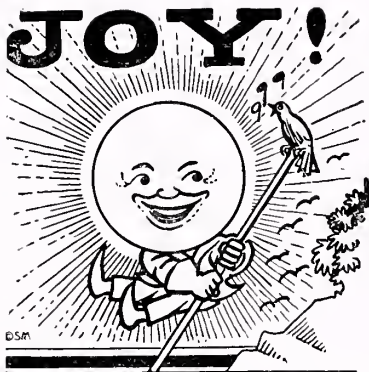
The writer visited the new branch of the Ford Motor Co., at Ettrick and learned how the cars were made.

Old tin cans, rubber, wood, cloth and mud are first mixed and put into a blast furnace. The molten liquid is poured out into molds and allowed to cool. When cool, the car is painted and packed for shipment. A can opener is included in each package to open the doors.

Come all ye that are NOW heavy burdened and meditate.



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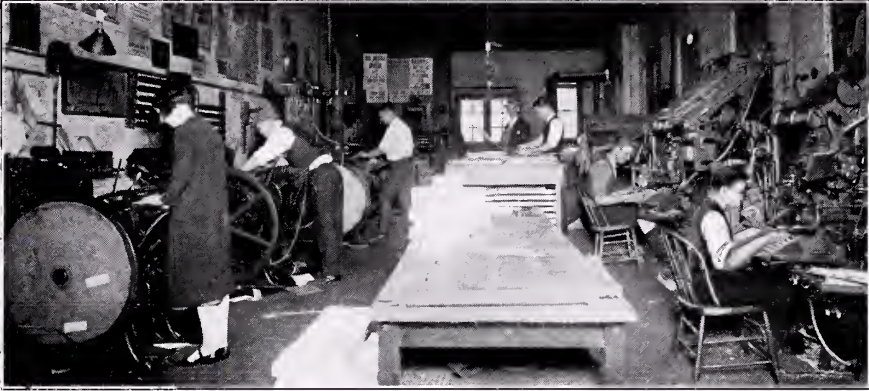
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